MAY 1, 1935

[THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXVI.—No. 1637

The BYSTANDER

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This Extra Number is apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It is bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it contains Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-five Years' Reign is Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing): Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The Issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower and Professor J. B. Robertson.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given. In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel "Sandringham Spark" will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of FAMOUS DOGS which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates showing the King yachting and racing, and a set of privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs of His Majesty shooting, the publication of which the King has graciously permitted in The SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday), and will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.

The Bystander, May 1, 1935

No. 1637. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

WINGS OVER HOLLYWOOD

The latest flying thriller from the American studios is "West Point of the Air," from which this bit of photographic drama is taken. Wallace Beery and Robert Young are the aviating stars, and pretty Maureen O'Sullivan is Robert Young's opposite number in the love-scenes that alternate with his flying adventures. "West Point of the Air" is an M.G.M. film, and is now being shown at the Empire

They All Went to Le

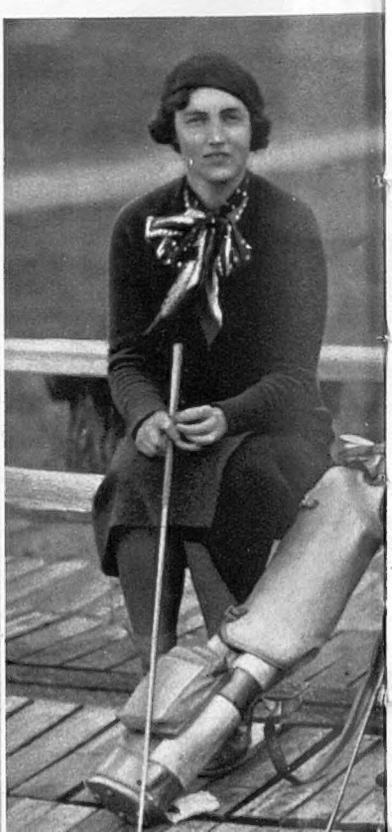
Left: Mr. Rutter and Lady Renwick, Sir Robert Renwick's wife, were two of the English colony who settled in Le Touquet for the Easter week-end

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Quilter (Doreen Parker that was) were doing their first Le Touquet trip since their marriage in the autumn

Left: Major Musker, Mrs. Allen Kyle, and Lady Willoughby de Broke waiting for their before-lunch drinks

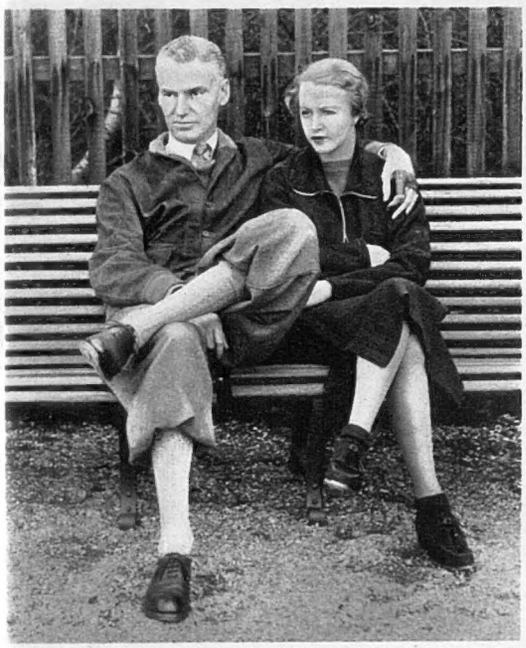
Extreme left, below: Mrs. Wrenn Dupont and Mrs. Charles Sweeny out at the golf club, and both looking very neat, the one in playing, the other in non-playing dress

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Woolley were two "young-marrieds" who spent most of their Easter playing Le Touquet golf



Below: Mrs. Lonsdale and ing till the course was drives to find an empty

Touquet for Easter



Mr. Eric Bowater and Miss Perkins took up a friendly stance on the seat which gives a grand view of other people's drives till one's own turn comes

Right: Mrs. de Rougemont, Mrs. Carl Bendix, and Mrs. Symonds are among the regulars who keep the Le Touquet week-end population up to standard during its four or five months of season

Right: Mrs. Stoneham, whose name is a well-known Le Touquet one, is sitting between Mr. and Mrs. Ian Elliott. They had just come in from their morning eighteen holes

Extreme right, below: Lady Dufferin and Ava and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe waiting by the first tee. The Dufferins had a most unpleasant end to their visit when the aeroplane Lord Dufferin was departing in crashed at Bercke. Luckily, he was only bruised and shaken

Below: Mr. Hugh Vivian Smith and his wife, Lady Helen Smith, Lord Rosebery's daughter, setting out in a purposeful sort of way to go somewhere or other

Mrs. Robert Cecil waiting clear enough for their bit of the fairway

The Future—and Attractive—Lady Moore

Good-bye for a Fortnight

Yes, They Are Engaged

Viscount Moore and Miss Joan Carr

Rumoured one day, denied the next, confirmed that evening, and officially announced next morning—that's how Lord Moore and Miss Joan Carr's engagement became news. It's not the first, and won't be the last, important engagement to have that history. Lord Moore is the Earl of Drogheda's only son, and heir, was twenty-five last week, and sailed for America the day after his birthday. Miss Joan Carr is a broadcasting star, dark and attractive, and follows her fiancé to the States this week. They announced before he left that they were going to be married out there. Lord Moore is very musical, so he and his bride will have that in common

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 100 Dame Laura Knight

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

IT is easy to understand why Dame Laura Knight is so fond of painting circus pictures. If she had not decided to be an artist, she might very well have been an artiste—in fact, a Strong Woman. It is not that she is big. But she is immensely powerful, and still does physical exercises every day of her life. As a child, she was brought up in Nottingham, just across the way from the Goose Fair. Then, at the age of thirteen, she became an orphan and lived an unbelievably strenuous and primitive life with the fisher-folk of Staithes. Here she beached the cobles and pulled the heavy, clumsy oars with the best of them. It was here, too, that she first laid eyes on her artist-husband, who finally married her and took her off to Holland.

DAME LAURA has never succeeded in liking town life. It is the wind and the sun and wild places that are her first and last love, and it was as a plein air painter of sunlight on landscapes and seascapes that she first succeeded. As you talk to this quiet, tow-haired woman with her puzzled eyebrows and incessant cigarettes, it is impossible to realise that she has been exhibiting at the Royal Academy for the past thirty-two years. This year she has sent six, including a portrait of Doris Keane's daughter, Ronda.

Yes, she is tremendously strong physically, as she will tell you herself. Just before the war she wanted to paint dancers, so she took a complete course of lessons at Tiller's dancing academy. That was during the period when she was devoting herself to pictures of the back-stage life of the theatres. Day after day you would find her in the wings of the Palace, the Empire, and the Coliseum. It was not until 1919 that she started her phase of circus pictures, with frequent visits to the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and thereafter to Olympia. Two of her greatest friends are Joe Bert, the clown, and his wife, Allie, in whose caravan she has frequently spent a painting holiday. Others are Bertram Mills, Sir Barry Jackson, Ethel Bartlett, and Rae Robertson, and Lady Eleanor Smith. In the old days she used to go to the Ring, Blackfriars. At the moment she is writing her reminiscences ("I am not literary. I only hope I shall be truthful"). She has never been to Spain, although she is inspired more by El Greco than anyone else. She buys her peculiar mannish black hats from Harman's, in St. James's. Possessions, as such, mean little or nothing to her. Only her husband can make her eat at regular meal times. She has a shocking memory for dates, hates being called Dame Knight, works enormously fast, and talks with a cigarette in her mouth. She lives with her husband, Harold Knight, in Langford Place, but her studio is in Worontzow Road, and they never discuss each other's pictures until they are finished. They have no children and are immensely happy.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Versatilleyty at the Vaudeville

Rhythm Pie—Elsie Randolph does a few trousered steps

"Charlot's Char-a-Bang!" (Vaudeville)

AFTER the first night of a revue one often finds daily papers praising the production with faint damns, and suggesting that when almost every sketch in the show is replaced by something better, when the principal comedians are given material more in keeping with their reputation, and when the leading lady is provided with at least one catchy number, or when the one catchy number is sung by a different leading lady, why, then, yes, it is possible that some success may be achieved.

To assume such an attitude with *Charlot's Char-a-Bang!* is absurd, for, to my mind, this is one of the best revues which André Charlot has ever presented. From various authors and composers he has secured the goods, which a very clever company makes the most of. One who appears in a dual capacity is Arthur Macrae, who has much to do with the first part of the programme, which shows him as an author possessing wit, and able to wield that dangerous weapon, satire, with considerable skill. His Shakespearean burlesque of *Hamlet*, with Jack Buchanan in the title-part, Douglas Byng as the Queen, Jack Hulbert as the King, and Gwen Farrar as Ophelia, is really funny throughout, and shows that Reginald Gardiner, Reginald Smith, Jack Clewes and Elsie Randolph, who impersonate these parts, have a pretty gift of mimicry.

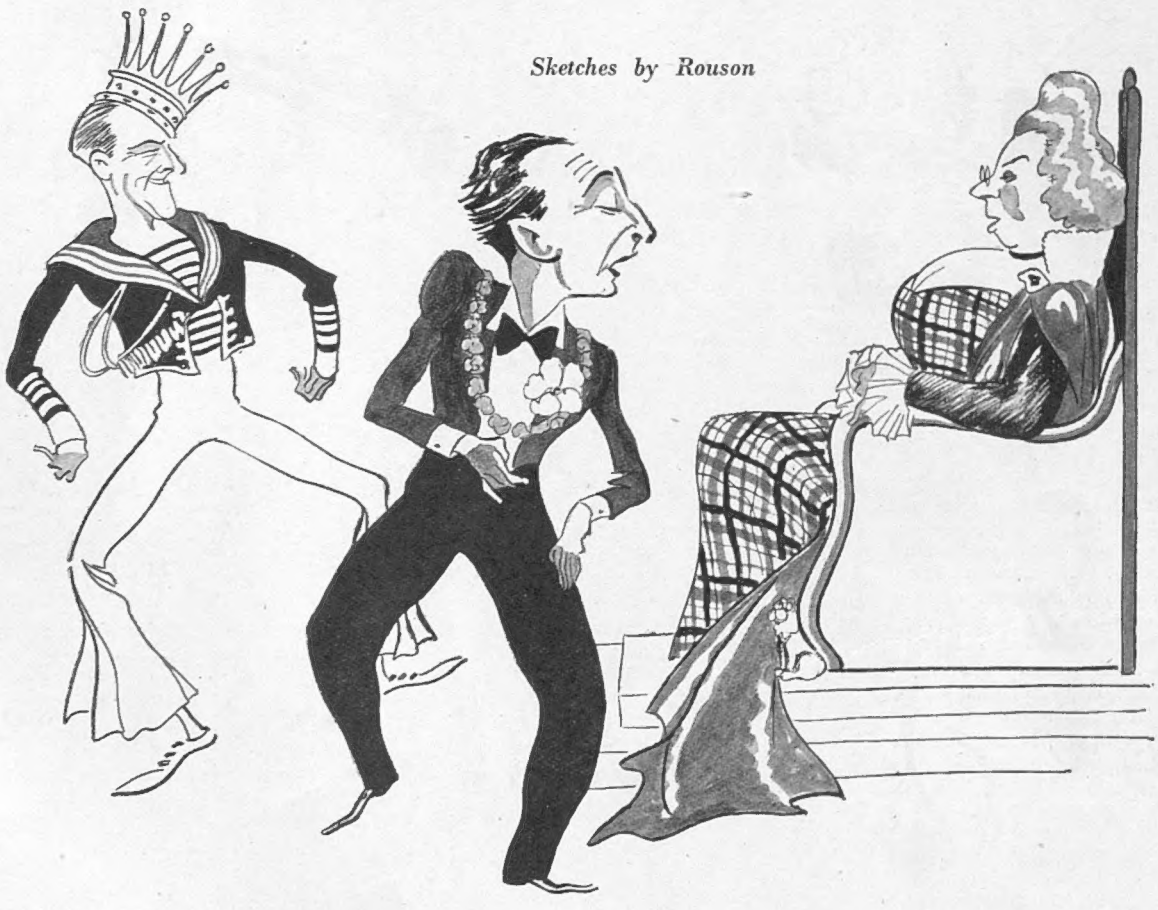
John Tilley lectures on "Knotting"

BUT though Mr. Macrae softly and silently vanishes away after starting off the second part, there are others to carry on the good work, and the running commentary on a boxing match for the benefit of wireless fans, by Reginald Gardiner and John Tilley, is slightly malicious and gloriously amusing. These two artists are excellent throughout, and Reginald Gardiner's *Orchestral Interlude*, where he apes the musical conductor, and John Tilley, at a later stage, discoursing on woodcraft and knotting are gems of humour.

A mask-dance entitled *Coloured Clown*, by Hedley Briggs, strikes a more serious note, and is really dramatic, and in the first part there is clever miming in a series of scenes satirising the cruising boom; but surely the second scene is wrongly titled *Crossing the Channel*? Ships on their way to the Mediterranean don't cross the Channel, they go down the Channel, and on one occasion I sincerely wished they didn't! One of the most sustained laughs of the evening is provided by *All Right on the Night*, when, from start to finish, everything isn't; but, really, it's a little unfair to pick out any particular turn in this revue, which is first-class entertainment from start to finish.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches by Rouson



Domestic life at Elsinore: the King (Jack "Hulbert" Clewes) and Hamlet (Reginald "Jack Buchanan" Gardiner) performing for the delectation of the Queen (Reginald "Douglas Byng" Smith)

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Mrs. Scott Callingham

A San Marco lunch-time sketch of Mrs. Scott Callingham, in dark green, with a fox collar, and an impressive square-cut diamond ring. She entertains a good deal in London; has been out at Cannes for part of the spring

The Hon. Lady Chichester

Left: Lady Chichester was surrounded with a huge white feather boa, which went with a black dress, when this picture of her at the Savoy was made

Mrs. Mary Booker

Another lunch-time sketch, this time at the Embassy, and of the good-looking Mrs. Mary Booker, who was all in dark green

Miss Amber Orr-Wilson

Wore the shallowest of little hats, with an eye-veil, and a coat made entirely of silver fox skins as her Embassy lunch uniform

• FILMS of the DAY

In Search of Beauty

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Jeanette Macdonald in "Naughty Marietta"

'Naughty Marietta" is a musical comedy with some good, if unlikely, adventure incidents; Jeanette Macdonald is the princess-fugitive-rescued-from-pirates heroine, and Nelson Eddy, hitherto an American stage actor, is the hero. The director, W. S. Van Dyke, makes the most of the adventure episodes, especially the sea scenes. "Naughty Marietta" was pre-released at the Empire last week

At the delightful luncheon after the third and last Press show of *Royal Cavalcade* ("——now, or forever hold your peace!"), the chairman, Mr. John Maxwell, paid flattering, even touching, tribute to the power of the Press. He was invoking their assistance in the successful promotion of the gala performance of *Royal Cavalcade*, on May 3rd, in aid of the King's Jubilee Fund; so his appeal proved the sincerity of his praise, since so astute a Scot does not waste words—mellifluous words—without hope of return.

The question then arises: what are the star-making potentialities of the Press, after directors and producers have done their grooming and their booming? The ultimate judges are the public. There are some stars who owe their prestige to critical enthusiasm and others who have captured public fancy in spite of the critics' indifference.

A recent conversation with a motor-mechanic has some bearing on the point. He was going to see *The Painted Veil*. "I always go to Garbo's films. They (sic!) say she 's so good. But I don't like her like I do—I don't know how to pronounce her name—Marleen Deetrich. She 's *lovely*."

There is invariably critical acclamation of the Garbo films, the great, almost legendary, Garbo, with all the best and most costly resources of the Metro-Goldwyn syndicate at her disposal, while the majority of reviewers have deplored the unaccompanied, or over-accompanied, exposition of Marlene's beauty in her Hollywood pictures. It may be something like blasphemy to suggest that Garbo's box-office puissance is to some extent manufactured, while the response to beauty such as Marlene Dietrich possesses (and I think this is also true of Anna Sten) is spontaneous, irresistible, even if these ladies are, according to critical standards, lesser artists.

I believe that, consciously or unconsciously, in a world where very few prospects please, and the majority of men and women are, æsthetically, vile, what the public is in search of is *beauty*. In the days of silent films, this was unquestioned. The recruiters of chorines know it. The producers of spectacular "musicals" know it. But beauty is not for everyone a matter of externals. For some there is beauty that is the evocation of a tender, emotional response, in what may seem to others a hackneyed love-story; in mother-love; in, may be, a syrupy rhythm and the sob-notes in a crooner's voice; in the tale of a stray dog's vicissitudes; the quasi-comic mishaps of the Chaplin effigy; and there is beauty in the lovely scenery which the camera can so exquisitely translate.

I believe that the universal response to the cinema is the sublimation of human desire for whatever is the individual conception of loveliness, emotional experience, adventure. What we could or would never do, things which convention or embarrassment would make us pillory or ridicule in real life, we can indulge in in the cinema. There is glamour in the screen's exaggerations; it shows life in its untrue colours. For the majority of people, a visit to the cinema is an escape from reality.

Two recent pictures exemplify my contention. There is *Imitation of Life*, in which Claudette Colbert, entrancing exponent of feminine allure, delicious comédienne, is obviously in the wrong story, all about mother-love and sacrifice, hers for a daughter who falls in love with her mother's lover, and the devotion of her black servant for a daughter of lighter hue, who despises and revolts from her origins and her coal-black mammy. Claudette's colourful personality reduced to a black and white exordium.

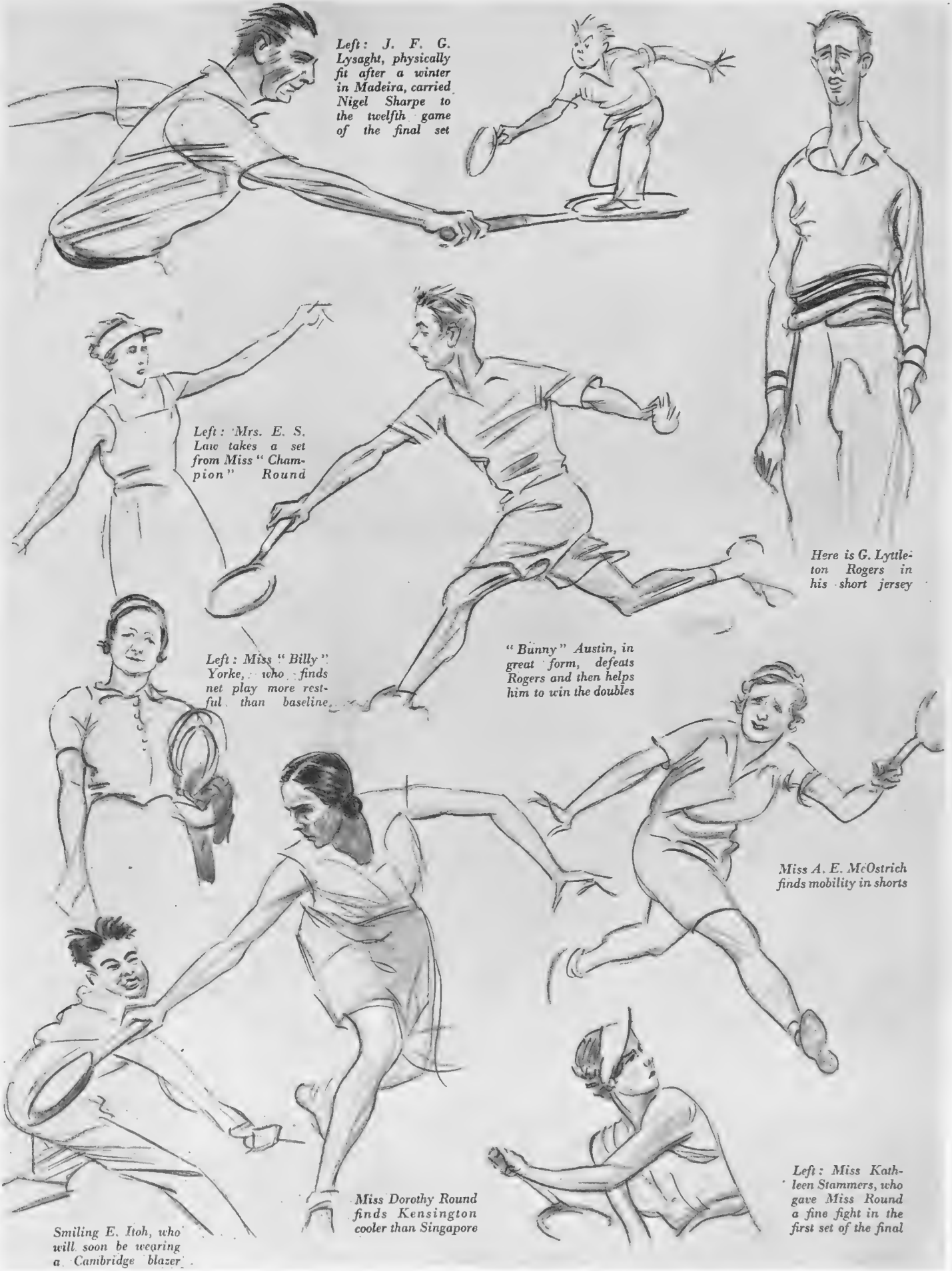
But there are millions of mothers, and here is an outlet for their mother emotions. They may be blousy, over-burdened, brat-slapping, shrewish, and here is a mother exquisite, tender, changing with every shot into another beautiful creation. If she lived in the next street, she would be anathema to them—a bedizened hussy, evocative of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but on the screen she is their symbol.

The critics may say that the black woman, Louise Beaver, steals the picture. She may approximate more nearly psychologically, and even physically (except for her colour), to the mothers in the audience, but it is over the lovely, unmotherly Colbert that they will weep.

Again, Shirley Temple is a public darling. To watch her antics on the screen is an experience of mingled wonderment and delight. In *Bright Eyes*, with James Dunn, she goes through every phase of emotion, which it would be impossible for any one "real" child to express. She is gay, she is a miniature fascinator, she is wistful, she can weep, she can sing, and we know she can dance. Her precocious virtuosity is astounding. We are about to see her in *Little Colonel*, with Lionel Barrymore, that arch-priest of elderly emotionalism. Such a combination must be the very synthesis of sentimentality. Surely there will not be a dry eye in the house! But the tears will not be for the tragedy of that young life and its abnormality and consequent isolation. Such a child in normal, non-cinema conditions would have short shrift from the very people who laugh and cry over her tricks and tears and find her "lovely."

Lawn Tennis at Melbury

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris



Left: J. F. G. Lysaght, physically fit after a winter in Madeira, carried Nigel Sharpe to the twelfth game of the final set

Left: Mrs. E. S. Law takes a set from Miss "Champion" Round

Here is G. Lyttleton Rogers in his short jersey

Left: Miss "Billy" Yorke, who finds net play more restful than baseline

"Bunny" Austin, in great form, defeats Rogers and then helps him to win the doubles

Miss A. E. McOstrich finds mobility in shorts

Smiling E. Itoh, who will soon be wearing a Cambridge blazer

Miss Dorothy Round finds Kensington cooler than Singapore

Left: Miss Kathleen Stammers, who gave Miss Round a fine fight in the first set of the final

Three of the Oxford University Lawn Tennis Team

Clayton Burwell (Tennessee, U.S.A., and Merton), captain of Oxford's lawn tennis team, 1935. He is ranked No. 23 in America, and went near beating Von Cramm in the final of the German Cup last summer.

J. A. S. Collins (Harrow and Christ Church), secretary of Oxford's lawn tennis team, 1935. Collins was the Junior Champion of Kent, and a finalist in the Junior Championship at Wimbledon. Plays an Austin-like game

W. F. Moss (Charterhouse and Brasenose), a member of Oxford's lawn tennis side this year and captain of the "Soccer" eleven. He might have won a third Blue for the 440 yards but for Schools

International

A scrimmage round the Danish during the International hockey the Kinson Sports Ground,

X. L. Balaškas

Of Western Province; the South African of Greek descent who rejoices in the name of Xenophon, practising bowling at Lord's. He was unfortunate enough to strain a leg muscle

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

WELL, by this time we know who are the Football Association Cup winners. Indeed, "Soccer's" outstanding problems are solved for yet another season. For instance, the Arsenal have carried off the First Division championship for the third successive time—a great record, which equals Huddersfield's feat some years ago.

I am no out-and-out Arsenal supporter, but straightway I must say how pleased I am to see the Highbury club secure the championship flag. The team's success is a tribute to that very likeable manager, George Allison.

When Mr. Allison took over the Arsenal managership, in succession to the late Herbert Chapman, he had a difficult job ahead of him. First, he was following in the footsteps of a "Soccer" genius. Herbert Chapman was all that—indeed, I think it will be many years before we see another man like him in the football world.

More, Mr. Allison was taking over a team which, in many instances, showed signs of age. In modern "Soccer's" breathless rush, your man of thirty or so is very definitely approaching the veteran stage. Well, in the Arsenal's side were several sound footballers who, without a doubt, would have to think of packing away their shooting-boots.

David Jack left the club to go to Southend United in an official capacity. Another stalwart, Charles Jones, also left for Notts County, where he was, for a short time, the manager.

So there was the genial George Allison forced to build up a new Arsenal machine. True, he had a good foundation on which to work—Herbert Chapman's discoveries are still in action with the Arsenal; but he had to find vital cogs to set the machine running smoothly again.

His first work was to find a centre-forward. And in this, George Allison, who came from Fleet Street to Highbury, mark you, was more successful than his predecessor! Going to Southampton, he engaged Drake. What happened? Drake not only gained England honours, but, in the past season, has set up a Highbury goal-scoring record while helping the club to carry off the championship.

And so to-day George Allison has weathered a difficult period. He has, I feel sure, built up the Arsenal's playing strength once again. He has, too, maintained the standard set by Herbert Chapman. Bravo, George Allison!

WHILE writing of "Soccer," I would like to say a word or so about the Football Association's Jubilee celebrations. We are to have a Wembley match between England and a team drawn from Scotsmen with English League clubs. An attractive enough game, I suppose, but, with a little more thought—and a little more graciousness—we might have seen the game of the season staged on behalf of that very good cause, the Jubilee Trust Fund.

Now I happen to know that the Association approached the Scottish F.A. some time ago with the idea of putting on such a fixture at Wembley. What happened? The Scotsmen declared, quite flatly, that they would not be able to put their best team in the field as they had committed themselves to an American and Canadian tour. Well, by delaying their departure to Canada, the Scots could well have figured in a clash with England. However, there it is; the Scots have not relaxed one bit in this matter—so we have to take the next best thing, which is a duel with Anglo-Scots.

AND now to cricket, which is gradually kicking football right out of the headlines. It looks like being a vintage year for the game. The bitterness which attended the Australian tour—

Hockey at Bournemouth

goal when the English forwards made a combined attack match between England and Denmark, which was played at Bournemouth. Our visitors were defeated by eleven goals to one

A Fall at Eridge

Above: Mr. Frank Barkaway's Low Life getting rid of his jockey at the last fence in the Farmers' Steeplechase at the Eridge Bona Fide Hunt Meeting, held at Steel Bridge Farm

and there very definitely was bitterness among a certain section of the public—looks to have gone now that the South Africans have left their smiling skies to try their luck over here.

I was at a luncheon given by the British Sportsman's Club to our overseas visitors. A very pleasant affair it was. I was much struck by the friendliness of the South Africans, and could not help comparing it with the slight tinge of suspicion about the Australians. Truth is, the Australians, on their arrival, were warned about the wicked English newspaper-men! Some of them, I suppose, had been badly bitten in the past by some of the "jazz" journalists, who, I may say, are not the sole property of America and the films!

Now the South Africans are ready and willing to talk with anyone and everyone. They are not too optimistic regarding their chances in the Tests—they have yet to win a game against England in this country—but they do believe that they have a real chance of making their best showing for some years.

Going along to Lord's, I watched them in action at the nets. They have some graceful batsmen, while I liked the bowling of Vincent and Crisp. The much-boomed Xenophon Balaskas, called "Sax" by his team-mates, did not show us any new terrors. Still, Balaskas was only getting his muscles loose when I watched him. As it is, he is said to be a real "googly" merchant, who has improved vastly since he took a few lessons from the one and only "Clarrie" Grimmett.

Cameron impressed me. This wicket-keeper is among the world's best—he comes after Bertie Oldfield and Leslie Ames, in my opinion. Here, again, Cameron owes something to an Australian, for it was Oldfield who gave him quite a few tips. He is certainly in even better trim than when we last saw him; and that, may I add, is saying a lot.

On Easter Monday the South Africans were at Reigate, to meet the Priory in a one-day game. They had a taste of a slow wicket, and some of them, I thought, looked a trifle stolid and cautious. But that is only to be expected. After all, these South Africans are eager to play themselves well in for the sterner tasks ahead.

Taking Up Tennis

Left: Miss Margot Lumb (left), squash rackets champion of England and America, who has just returned from the U.S.A. with her sister, Bernice, with whom she played in the Melbury Tennis Tournament with some success

WELL, after cricket comes lawn tennis. Straightway, I must say how very tired I have grown of this "yes-and-no" business which our Fred Perry has been engaged in these last few weeks. As I see it—and as I have said earlier—Perry will be in the Davis Cup team later in the year. Goodness knows, we'll need him; though it did strike me as rather unfortunate that Perry should express this sentiment himself! Not that Perry is a boastful young man. Truth is, he only says such things because he is so supremely sure of himself—and that is the secret of his brilliant run of successes.

We are to have a new star at Wimbledon this season in the young Chilean woman champion, Señorita Anita Lazina. The Señorita has impressed in her tournament play, but somehow I do not expect her to cause any big surprise at the championship meeting. As a matter of fact, I believe that it will be a Dorothy Round-Helen Jacobs affair once again. Miss Round is playing better than ever, while I hear that Miss Jacobs has benefited considerably from her winter's rest. The American girl was in splendid form in the Egyptian championships, and unless I am very much mistaken, she will make a big bid to regain the title which she lost last year to Miss Round.

A. B. Langton

The South African from the Transvaal, practising at Lord's. He did not play in the first match against Reigate, which was limited to one day

E. Blanch talking to S. H. Fry and R. G. Johnson (Old Alleynians) after their defeat by Watsonians

J. H. Jacob and P. L. Bodger (Old Paulines) on their way to the first tee

W. R. Gronow, J. A. Collinge, and L. G. Bell (Old Radleians), who beat the Old Foresters 3 and 2

Thirty-nine Schools, 390 Players—the Halford-Hewitt Cup at Deal

That Mammoth Meeting

The Halford-Hewitt Cup in Retrospect

By J. S. F. Morrison

FOR the large majority of those whose skill at the game is sufficient to warrant their selection to represent their school at golf, and for many others who pay an annual visit to Deal to watch and cheer on their old school-friends, the Halford-Hewitt Cup Tournament is the most enjoyable and most cheery golf meeting of the year. It is also the largest numerically of all golf competitions played on one course, and on consecutive days; in fact, it is now so big, that many of the players consider that it is too big for one course, and that play in the first round, at least, could be made more comfortable for all concerned if a neighbouring course, as well as that of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, was brought into play, especially as the number of entries appears likely to increase rather than decrease. This year 185 players struck off the first teeing ground, in their first matches, and as play is by foursomes, with a minimum of thought, those who reached a no higher form in their various schools than the donor of the Cup himself, should be capable of calculating that 390 players took part, representing 39 schools. Forty-one schools actually entered, but the Old Amplefordians and the Old Gregorians were compelled to scratch. When the draw was published, it certainly appeared that the winners would emerge from the bottom half of the draw, which included the strong teams representing Rugby, Watson's, Charterhouse, Harrow, Winchester, Tonbridge, and Westminster; from the top half of the draw, the Marlburians, Salopians, Radleians or Etonians appeared most likely to reach the final. There was, as there was bound to be, much excellent golf played, and many most gallant shots at critical moments, when a match was in the frying-pan and on the point of getting out into the fire. On the other hand, I do not think there was a single member of the teams which fought out the final, who had not, at some time or another during the competition, suffered from that distressing golfing disease, contagious as much to the good player as the bad, which Bernard Darwin so aptly calls "the jitters."

THE Old Carthusians, who finally won, were successful by the narrowest margins imaginable in their matches against Harrow, Tonbridge, and Rugby, and with the slightest shade of luck running the other way might have been beaten by all three of these schools. Against Tonbridge, their first pair was playing the 20th hole at the same time as their fourth pair, standing all square, was playing the 18th. J. B. Beck, who played the second Carthusian shot to the 20th hole, laid the ball 4 feet from the hole, and Burdon Sanderson holed the putt on which the whole issue might have depended, much to the relief of the members of the fourth match, who were thus relieved of the agony of a 19th hole. Burdon Sanderson is used to what, to the ordinary mortal, are terrifying experiences, as he usually spends the winter chasing lions, and only returns to this country in time to assist his school at Deal.

THE Watsonians, last year's runners-up, were severely shaken in their first match against the Old Alleynians; they got through with nothing to spare after many anxious moments. T. A. Torrance and R. McKinna, playing top for them, only beat A. Raworth and R. S. Belasco, who was not good enough even to be a reserve for Cambridge at Burnham, at the 19th hole, and their last pair, G. Roberts and J. Marshall Thomson, won by 2 holes, after being in what some superstitious people consider a good position, namely, 2 down and 5 to play. The Watsonians then beat Eastbourne without difficulty, but fell to the Rugbeians, who thus had their revenge for their defeat of last year. The Tonbridge leading pair, A. S. G. Thompson and J. J. F. Pennink, the Oxford captain, went out in 32 against A. J. Evans and V. E. D. Haggard (Winchester), and laid the foundation of victory against a side which never seems to do as well as it should in this competition. Winchester has reached the final three times, but has on every occasion suffered defeat. R. H. Oppenheimer and C. D. Gray (Harrow) played magnificent golf to defeat such a good pair as Beck and Sanderson (Charterhouse) by no less than 5 holes up and 4 to play. Oppenheimer was, in the eyes of Harrow, the hero, and in the eyes of Charterhouse the villain of the piece, and it was chiefly due to his play, which dominated the match, that his side reached the turn in 33 strokes, and went on to win at their ease.

THE Old Salopians and the Old Carthusians, the finalists, have done battle on the football field on numerous occasions, and each school has supplied England and the Corinthians with many of their great players; but never before had they met in serious battle on the golf links. Certain people who report matches of various sorts for the daily newspapers, delight to refer to so-called triple Blues, most of whom possess two-and-a-half, and not three Blues; the Salopian side included no fewer than three of these gentlemen, J. S. Stephenson, J. S. O. Haslewood, and A. T. Barber, who all represented Oxford at cricket, Association football and golf, and who are all also members of the Corinthian Football Club, while Stephenson and Barber have played cricket for Yorkshire. The Old Salopians, led on the field by E. F. Storey, the English International and Walker Cup player, were a sound and gallant team, in which age was nicely mingled with youth, and proved themselves most brave fighters. I think that the Salopians will themselves agree that they beat, greatly to their credit, a better side than themselves when they knocked out the Old Marlburians.

ALTHOUGH the Salopians lost the final by 4 matches to 1, the match was very much closer than these figures suggest, as, with the exception of the first match, in which Charterhouse were well ahead, the matches were either all square, or within one hole of all square, at the turn. The Carthusians had a very sound team, most of whom had had considerable previous experience in this competition. The babes of the side, C. Middleton and P. H. F. White, were the only pair who came the whole way through the competition without defeat, a very fine performance. The Charterhouse captain, C. F. Woodbridge, who failed to find his form, most gallantly left himself out of his side, and played Bernard Drew, the secretary of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, in his place in the final. The thanks of all the players in this competition are due to Drew for the extra work which falls on him, and for the very excellent arrangements he makes to assure the competition running like clockwork. It was all great fun, and will be still greater fun next year, if the final is played on the Sunday afternoon.

R. L. Burdon-Sanderson and J. B. Beck, the Charterhouse top pair, playing their final match, which they won by 3 and 2. Their side won the Cup by four matches to one

R. H. C. Crawford (Salopians) and F. G. C. Weare (Carthusians) waiting to drive from the first tee in the final; Weare and his partner, Bernard Drew, won by 3 and 2

P. J. Gold (Salopians) and P. H. E. White (Carthusians) were opponents in the Halford-Hewitt final. White played with C. Meddleton, and they won by 2 and 1

Halford-Hewitt Re-Echoes

Winners and Losers at Deal

B. A. Armstrong and A. Dormer played as No. 3 pair for the Old Alleynians and won their first-round match 3 and 2; their side, however, lost to the Watsonians by four matches to one

R. Garnham (Old Foresters) (centre) with his two Radleian opponents, J. L. Harvey and C. M. Blunt. He and his partner won the Foresters' only victory in their second-round match

Right: H. Smalley and J. A. Smalley, the Old Oundelians bottom pair, at the start of their match against Harrow. They lost 6 and 4

Above: two more Carthusian finalists—T. A. Bourn and J. H. Thompson, the No. 2 pair. They won their match in the Charterhouse-Shrewsbury battle by 3 and 2

Right: E. A. Jones and S. H. Partridge, bottom pair for the Old Rossallians, at the first tee. Their side was knocked out in the second round by Harrow

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 2. The Odd Volumes

By Charles Graves

Some time this summer the five-hundredth dinner of the Sette of Odd Volumes will take place. The Odd Volumes are one of the oldest and most conservative clubs without premises in London. They meet eight times a year, on the fourth Tuesday of the month, at the Savoy. There are twenty-one members known as Odd Volumes, this being the number of volumes of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821. There are also a similar number of supplemental Odd Volumes. Altogether, the whole Club is very odd. There are Odd Councillors, and each Odd Volume has an odd title. Thus "Khaki" Roberts is Gladiator; Maurice Healey, the K.C., is Prattler; A. J. A. Symons is Speculator; Roland Oliver, K.C., is Fiddler; Low, the cartoonist, is Exaggerator; and Sidney Glanville is Ushabti, which has something to do with Egyptian mythology, I fancy. Oh, yes, and Ralph Straus is Scribbler as well as being Keeper of the Archives; while Nathan Mutch took the name of Pessimist.

On election, each Odd Volume pays three odd pounds and three odd shillings as his subscription, as well as another three odd pounds and three odd shillings for entrance fee, and ten and a half odd shillings for his official badge. The distinctly odd rules include Rule 16, which is, briefly, that there shall be no Rule No. 16.

No Odd Volume is allowed to talk unasked on any subject he understands, nor may he refer, in any circumstances, to any other O. V. except by his title and denomination in the Sette. Rule 20 insists that no O. V. speech shall last longer than three minutes. If, however, the inspired O. V. has any more to say, he may proceed until his voice is drowned in the general applause.

Each O. V., in the ordinary way, brings two guests, who sit on either side of him at these dinners, and introduces them as cynically as possible. If, for example, Lord Dawson of Penn came as a guest, he would be introduced as "I fancy he is an apothecary."

(*Continued on page 220*)

Reading from above:
"Khaki" Roberts
Lord Tiverton
Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C.

Caricatures by
H. H. Harris

Lord Dawson of Penn

Reading from above:
Sir William Arbuthnot Lane
Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C.
Mr. Justice Eve

Easter Steeple-Chasing

The Wincanton Easter Monday Meeting

Lady Mainwaring and Miss Pamela Wickham spent their Easter Monday afternoon at Wincanton, which always gets together a surprising number of "well-known" for its race meetings

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hervey Bathurst were there too. She was Maureen Gordon; her parents live at Boveridge Park

Above: Lord Stalbridge, whose place is in Dorset, was a Wincanton steward at the Easter meeting; he is talking to Lady Sybil Phipps, another native-by-marriage of the West Country

A Trio at Eridge

Lady Jane FitzRoy, Lady Romayne Cecil, and Mr. Jack Dennis were three of the Kent and Sussex turn-out at the Eridge Hunt Meeting, near Tunbridge Wells, which was another of the innumerable Easter Monday fixtures

Left: Lady Cusack-Smith talking to Captain Turner at the Wylye Valley Hunt steeplechases near Warminster; she is the wife of Sir Dermot Cusack-Smith, and lives in Sussex

A Rainy Day in the Wylye Valley

Sir Mark Romer in his Hyde Park Gate House

JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 7

Lord Justice Romer

Quite different from his brother-in-law, Lord Justice Maugham, who always looks as if he would like to leap on the fellow who is annoying him. Sir Mark Romer looks a happy man, and is one. If he had bestirred himself a little more, and gone into politics, he has the sort of personality to attain the Woolsack. He is reputed to be the only Judge who really understands the laws passed by the late Lord Birkenhead to simplify the law of property.

WHEN a man's Christian names are Mark Lemon it is not unnatural to ask how he comes to be named after a great editor of *Punch*; and the answer is that the late Sir Robert Romer married Miss Lemon, and between them they produced our handsomest Judge. Tall, dark, and, even at sixty-nine, with the figure and carriage of an athlete, he never seems to exert himself unless you happen to be one up and two to play on him at his favourite Littlestone golf links. Judges there have been, and still are, who do not suffer fools gladly. The Lord Justice is not really fond of them; but he sits and listens silently, patiently, with a sad smile, as who should say, "God made them so. Why should I complain?"

Next Week:

Lord Justice Maugham

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

IT wouldn't be a bad idea, we thought the other night, switching off after a broadcast of Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner*, if the first act were broadcast at regular intervals. We don't follow Mr. Maugham all the way in this anti-social play, but he certainly debunks the "youth" racket with welcome ease.

We 're by no means middle-aged yet, but we 're old enough to guffaw over the periodical boosting of youth, as youth, by the less intelligent newspapers. We guffawed like anything over a solemn, recent symposium (*7s. 6d.* net) exhibiting the fearless reactions of Youth to current problems. Half the little darlings didn't know anything about Life or its problems, and the other half had got the little they knew so muddled and confused that they can't have been listening to Nanny; especially the clever, destructive young gentleman whose selected province was the Christian religion. We haven't enjoyed anything of the kind so much since Lord Beaverbrook began boosting the ardent young "eaglets" who run his daily paper. Some day all these fledglings may grow up and learn something, and what will they say, in their turn, about Uncle Beaver and the other youth-fanciers then?

Ronnie Squire, as the bored, middle-aged stockbroker addressing his young in Maugham's play, spoke the truth about this immaturity racket. "One tries to have patience with you, but, my God, don't think we find you amusing! We find you quite incredibly dull." Such a salutary kick in the pants would earn Mr. Maugham a decoration in the Ideal State.

Dashed Bad Form

EVERYBODY decent will applaud the lady magistrate who ticked off a bunch of youthful thieves at Croydon police court the other day. "You are wearing your school ties," she said. "Fancy bringing them into a place like this!"

One doesn't mind the old school tie being worn in the City, where it gives major operations an acknowledged cachet, but to involve it in small-scale commerce, as these budding financiers did, is simply to bring discredit on a great system. We 're not discounting social and sentimental values. At one time, knights and/or gentlemen by birth who had to be hanged at the yard-arm could claim to be hanged by a silken cord, and if we were ever in that embarrassing position we should certainly petition the Home Office to hang us with six knotted feet of the old tie. (It would be up to the Home Secretary to weed out cads who had no real claim to this privilege.) But there is something more than sentiment to be considered in a case like the one we 've quoted; there is the fact that to flaunt the old school tie in such petty circumstances does the Race no good abroad. As the law stands, it is out of the question to shoot an Old Harrovian, as one of Professor Evelyn Waugh's characters points out. Long may this endure! Meanwhile, the vital point is, should a public school man, even if his school is socially negligible, wear the school tie when he goes out robbing cigarette machines? We think not.

"'Ballroom dancing,' I said, 'what would I want with ballroom dancing?' I said"

Fireman, Save My Leg!

"LEGS," said one of the firemen at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to one of those inquisitive Press boys the other day, "aren't so large now as they used to be in the old days. But they 're much more muscular and more elastic to the touch than they were thirteen years ago." And since this honest fireman dashes about with a little first-aid box, doing running repairs during rehearsals, he ought to know.

We 're old enough ourselves to remember what stage legs were like (to the eye) thirteen years ago. We have a great-uncle, moreover, who remembers Mistinguett's legs, Mimi and Bibi, when they were part of the Palace of Hygiene at the Exposition Coloniale of 1845. The Franco-Prussian War caused them to dwindle, and the Panama Canal scandal of 1888 made them temporarily bowed, but they recovered during the Boer War, when they sent a charming message to Kruger; and, during the Great War they were, of course, decorated twice and mentioned in countless despatches. To-day they are insured, like Jessie Matthews' (as we learn from a recent stocking "ad."), for ten thousand sterling, and are officially protected as a monument historique under the Law of 15 Floréal, An III., the Senatus consultum of February 8th, 1806, an Imperial Rescript of May 21st, 1814, and Section 71865 (b) of the Code Civil.

Drury Lane is the only historic theatre in Europe which gives its firemen carte blanche in this matter, under a special indult granted by Charles II., who liked legs and encouraged them in every way. During the Victorian period, two firemen were

"How much can you put to fourpence?"

assigned to each leg. Every pantomime principal boy had to have three. So many fires were allowed to blaze unchecked during this era that Drury Lane firemen got quite a name among the gayer citizens of the Metropolis. "Oh, you awful!" smart women would shout, pointing to them and tittering. To-day (1935) one fireman does the work single-handed—and, they say, single-hearted.

Too, Too Odd

THOUGH we've never experienced it ourselves, we don't doubt that parts of the park of Versailles, especially round the Petit-Trianon, are haunted. In our own day Marie-Antoinette has been seen there more than once. We hope we needn't remind you of that well-documented little book, *An Adventure*, by two prosaic English ladies, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, who not only saw, and were looked at by, the unhappy Queen in August 1901, but spoke to, and were answered by, at least three of her entourage, amid the long-since-altered scenery of the year 1789. In a vanished wood near the Orangerie, one of these ladies found herself in the middle of an invisible crowd, and heard a stringed band playing faint music by (as was later discovered) Monsigny. These aspects of "serialism" still remain to be explained away by the Smart Alecks.

We thought of this when we found ourselves the other evening alone in a room of an old London house which was suddenly full of unseen people. Though uncanny, it wasn't unpleasant. The atmosphere was quite friendly. Some houses are evil. We know one room in a Georgian country house near London which makes dogs snarl and shrink back from the threshold, raising their hackles in obvious terror. The crowd in the room we are talking about was, we should say, Early Victorian. We didn't actually hear a rustling, but we felt it, all round us. We were right in the middle of it. Similarly, though we didn't hear voices, we

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 29.—W. Somerset Maugham

WHEN some dashing attachés go out to the East
Their moral reserve sinks to zero,
For conjugal felicity soon will have ceased
When some vamp gets her fangs in a hero,
And behaves in a manner that 's more than just warmish,
In the way of bad ladies who 're palpably Maugham-ish.

The Orient may be a glamorous spot,
With its colours, its scents, and its rain,
But the morals of Man, like the weather, are hot.
If we 're able to judge by the strain
In which Willie will write of those who "get our goat" on
The grounds that their conduct 's too low for the haut ton.

But his touch is so sure and his skill is so great
And his characters all are so vital,
That reviewers are only too happy to state
That our author is sure to delight all
Who like their meat strong, if it 's served by a writer
Who knows how to tell of the plight of the Blighter.

So here 's to the author whose themes are not slight
But chockful of life and of action,
And won't draw a Painted Veil over the plight
Of those girls who 've erred more than a fraction;
And you 're sure to enjoy his strange birds of a feather
Who expose all their sins in our scribe's "Altogether."

B. W

"We're going home to our mothers"

knew they were talking. The room was lit by one central chandelier, electric. The experience lasted about five minutes.

We aren't psychic, we weren't drunk, we don't wish to discuss it with anybody, and it was, as we say, not unpleasant, perhaps because an Early Victorian crowd of that kind had nice, gentle manners. Fancy being haunted a hundred years hence by the ghosts of a 1935 cocktail-party! Wow!

The Wisecrack Habit

Two American students of the wisecrack have just published a book on the science, taking a pretty wide sweep from Talleyrand to the present day. They give the first place among the moderns to George S. Kaufman, playwright, among the men, and our exquisite girl friend, Dorothy Parker, among the women.

Possibly because of the dignified *Punch* tradition, which demands three inches of close-printed explanation with every joke, wisecracking isn't as highly developed among us as it might be. Among those skilled in the lightning impromptu, we should personally award pretty high marks to Billy Leonard, comedian. The other day somebody mentioned a blonde American film sweetie who was yearning in the Press to play in *Hamlet*. "First gold-digger," mumbled Mr. Leonard, masticating a grilled chop. This is one example of the Leonard manner out of hundreds. Seymour Hicks is not so much a periodical wisecracker as a continuous blaze of fireworks. E. V. Lucas and Herman Finck, if you don't mind their puns—good puns are good—can emit vintage acidities when roused. G. K. Chesterton's conversational acrobatics are much deeper than they sound. (This only occurs to you afterwards.) James ("Boss") Agate, though he has to think of Sundays, sometimes flings away a few jewels, Bond Street or Woolworth. We can't think off-hand of any woman who can compete with any one of these, and certainly not with the incomparable Mrs. Parker, in whom Scots and Jewish blood have fused to produce the cynical wit of the century.

About fifteen years ago there was a pub in a court off Fleet Street where about a dozen men, now scattered, used to meet regularly every morning at noon, the late G. H. Mair, a master of epigram, among them. Some of the impromptus tossed so carelessly about that bar would make the much-boomed Mermaid Tavern sound like a village institute mothers' tea on a wet Tuesday in February. But nobody collected them, alas! Everybody was too busy drinking.

"Yes! But it can't lay an egg"

"He's lost the photograph he had taken when he was a baby"

Curtain Call

By way of larning 'em, forty actors and seven actresses of the Comœdia Theatre at Warsaw went on hunger-strike the other day for overdue salaries. Experience of our own West End theatres leads us to conjecture that they are not fading away unnoticed by the public. And if you remember the actor who inhaled the gas so carefully in *Dinner at Eight*, there are probably some very effective groupings already.

It's the little actresses we're sorriest for, in our big, tender old way. Should the management callously let them die—Heaven forbid!—they will be in the peculiarly exasperating position of not being able to get in front of the Press cameras in the final tableau of their own benefit. You have to be a fashionable actress to appreciate the hellishness of having to be your own understudy in a big, emotional finale like that.

THE BYSTANDERS.

More of the Easter Parade "Au Touquet"

Above: Greville Stephens, the England and Middlesex cricketer, was staying at the Hermitage for the week-end; he was just considering going over to the Casino when he was photographed

Above: John Barter, Captain "Babe" Barnato, and "Georgie" Monkland played golf energetically and ignored the April showers

Right: two stage "lovelies" who decorated Le Touquet were Elizabeth Jenns and Diana Beaumont. The latter is Mrs. John Barter in private life, and was over there with her husband

Right: two "young-marrieds" in the Easter parade were Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd and Mrs. George Philipson (Daphne Gladstone that was). Mrs. Akroyd's husband is in the City

Below: another golfing pair were Major Clive Burn and ski-runner Bill Clyde. Major Burns' wife is a daughter of the late Allen Stoneham, who more or less discovered Le Touquet

Above: "Gerry" Coke taking shelter at the ninth. He is a nephew of Lord Leicester; his sister, Rosemary, married John D'Henin Hamilton, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's heir, a few weeks ago

Right: John Turner and Freddie White outside the professional's shop. They never miss a big week-end at Le Touquet; nor does Freddie White's attractive wife. She and her husband usually fly over in their own aeroplane

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mr. Whitney Straight and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton

These two chose the more exclusive pre-Easter days to publish news of their engagement, so their friends had time to congratulate them before the rush of "engaged" announcements that always follows Easter. She is the Winchilseas' elder daughter, and he is best known as a racing motorist. The picture of them was made at Grosvenor House

Miss Anne Livingstone-Learmonth

A tall, blonde and attractive member of the West Country family who turned out full strength at the Wincanton race meeting. She is engaged to Capt. Neville Mitchell, of the 15th-19th, and is planning to get married very soon

Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale

Seen through Molly Bishop's eyes, at a point-to-point; she was wearing a sage-green hat and jersey with her check suit

LE TOUQUET unfolded its arms to welcome its Easter harvest, which is now being counted out by the heads of the Casino, and paid by the managers of London banks. There was the usual hasty departure on the Monday evening, which included those who had intended to depart on that day, also one or two young men who wished to precede the arrival of their cheques when the banks opened their doors on the Tuesday. It is odd, but bank managers have a peculiar aversion to those cheque forms which have a picture of the Casino on one side (inset, the portraits of the directors) and of the principal hotel and plage on the other side. One's ideas of enjoyment at Le Touquet are ruled by fortune at the Casino: the weather may be beautiful, and the golf course in perfect order, but if the chips are less than the cheques cashed, one has a very bigoted view of the place. There are always vast surmises as to the amount people win or lose: Mr. Edward Robson may have one or two big coups at roulette, then everybody will say he has won a fortune. On the next night, it probably all disappears, but he is still credited with being a big winner. Mr. Mark Ostrer plays a good, sporting game, and Mr. Keith Williams does, too, at the big table. Mr. Walter Dunkels keeps up the bright atmosphere, which changed swiftly one evening when Lord Willoughby de Broke played as though he carried all the sins of the British peerage on his shoulders. Mr. Bobby Loewenstein once or twice made the mistake of drawing to an eight, which caused our Gallic friends to shout "Faux tirage!" When not playing, he was "arming around" the auburn-haired Baroness Fabrice, who has been living for the past few months at Claridge's.

SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS did not neglect Mrs. Cooper, whose fellow-American, Mrs. White, had Mr. "Geordie" Ward as an escort. Mr. Philip Rhodes, when golfing, wore a cap of a strange and interesting type. The Stock Exchange being closed until the Tuesday, Mr. Rhodes naturally felt that he was not taking time away from business, which might affect his holidays. Mr. "Nick" Prinsep (his partner in the City) was not there this Easter; he was probably looking after his orchids at Pevensey, one of which is called "Celia Neilson": she is a very great friend of Mrs. Prinsep. Captain "Babe" Barnato had given his wife some Easter eggs, in the form of a diamond bracelet which is a credit to De Beers. Golfing "widows" found their consolation in the presence of Mr. "Eddy" Eily, who, though not seen often in the Casino, was always at hand around the Picardy or Hermitage to take the lovely ones to tea.

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY still looks pale, but the sea air, if not the Casino air, is an antidote for that; she and Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont were

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

among the best ornaments exported from London for the week-end. One of the most noticeable features of a stay at Le Touquet is the rapidity with which the meters of the local taxis work—doppio movimento would be the corresponding musical term. Should it not move quick enough for the driver's liking, he gives it a jolt, which has an immediate effect in his favour. Lord Fitzwilliam had a rough passage over on his yacht, of which the passengers included Sir Richard Cruise and Colonel MacLintock, who is known to all the regulars of Punch's Club.

LORD MICHELHAM is to bring out his Atlantis in time for Whitsun, when he will sail into Etaples harbour amid the cheers of the local tradesmen. He is at present very interested in a phase of broadcasting which is still unpopular in England—radio advertising—and he has been to America to study the methods. Colonel George Parkinson, who before now has had a pretty gamble or two, offered seasonable advice to punters. Never suivi; never bet against a bank till the third coup; never run a bank more than twice.

MRS. WRENN DUPONT, without whom no St. Moritz season can be complete, wore some startling dresses: I gather that they had been brought from New York. To admit to not having the pleasure of her acquaintance is for the assembled St. Moritz-ians to look pityingly at you and say, "You don't know Liz? Grand girl!" She will soon be qualified for that permanent list which appears annually when Captain D'Arcy Rutherford gives the first moonlight Corviglia party. Most of the French go to Deauville for Easter, although on the Sunday Paris seemed quite full: rather like August in London, when the regulars leave and the tourists come in. Fouquet's bar is always full, and probably has the most Continental atmosphere of any of the bars visited by English people. Sir John and Lady Child were there, sipping a Fernet Branca or an Amer Picon.

MME. RALLI, who is the Duchess of Kent's great friend, was away at Hyères, staying with the Comtesse de Noailles: Mr. Peter Watson was also there, but is now in Sicily, probably whistling "O Primavera." Lord Berners is due this week in Rome (my "Roman Scandals" edition should appear next week); this means that Lord Beauchamp has had to leave his house near the Forum, which he has rented from Lord Berners all the winter. The Duke and Duchess of Kent thoroughly enjoyed themselves on their recent stay in Paris; they bought each other presents at Cartier's, and dined at Maxim's, which is the most fashionable place at the moment. This caused the Faubourg St. Germain (the Parisian snob's paradise) to make its faces look more acid than ever before, for to them Maxim's is unvisitable. But nobody cares what the Faubourg St. Germain thinks, for its occupants are as dull as ditchwater and about seventy years out of date.

WE noted with great pleasure that Mr. Neville Chamberlain caught a trout during his Easter holiday. Clad in a deerstalker's hat, like the ones we used to see in Sidney Paget's illustrations of *Sherlock Holmes*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer looked the figure of sport personified. Lord Tredegar has returned home from his trip to the West Indies, to the delight of his blue macaw, which has been staying at the "Zoo" during his absence. Sir Abe Bailey has arrived back from South Africa, which means that his dinner-parties will start again in Bryanston Square, and that his "black and gold hoops" racing colours are sure to be very much to the fore.

MR. PEEPS

only daughter, has taken a longish journey across the Atlantic with "Mamma," to visit grandparents in Canada.

TALKING of the other side of the Atlantic reminds us that it surely is time Lady Warwick returned to us. We hear she took part as an "extra" in a film the other day at Hollywood, where she has been staying with Miss Adrienne Ames. She apparently remained unrecognised while she was doing her stuff, and at the end of the day drew her pay with the rest, which she handed over to some deserving cause, or person, or other.

TO revert to Easter. Quite a lot of people were sighted in Paris, including the Duchess of Sutherland, who has been out in India this winter. She

Swaebe

Swaebe

The Bond Street Association Silver Jubilee Dinner

Above: Mrs. Gordon Wall and Mrs. E. Rudler, the Mayoress of the City of Westminster, sat together at the Bond Street Association's dinner last week

Above, right: Lady Jessel, whose husband is, among other things, President of the Metropolitan Mayors' Association, and Colonel T. Thornton

Woman to Woman

THE Easter holiday called most of us away to the country for a quiet rest before the season proper and Jubilee celebrations start, and now we are all back, ready for almost anything. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire had the usual large party staying with them at Chatsworth, including daughters and sons-in-law and numerous grandchildren, which they find takes up a good deal of space these days. The Duchess's nephew, Lord Shelburne, who is Lord Lansdowne's eldest son, was also of the party. Lady Katherine Bingham brought her husband, but decided to leave her small son behind as he was considered too young to enjoy a house-party. Miss Juliet Ann Fitzwilliam, on the other hand, was not considered too small to travel to Ireland to stay with her maternal grandparents at St. Anne's, Clontarf. She was accompanied by her father and mother, Lord and Lady Milton. Another juvenile traveller, Lord and Lady Haddington's

A Hertfordshire Wedding

Fl.-Lieut. Harry Manners Mellor, R.A.F., the Prince of Wales's Air Equerry, second son of Mrs. Alfred Westmacott, of Bembridge, I.O.W., and Miss Diana Marian Wyld, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyld, of Essendon Close, Hatfield, were married at St. Mary's, Essendon

Bassano

Miss Barbara Burgess

Miss Barbara Jeanne Burgess's engagement to Earl and Countess Cairns' younger son, Lieut. the Hon. David Cairns, R.N., was announced last month. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Burgess, of Upton Lovell, Altrincham, Cheshire

was seen lunching in a well-known Paris restaurant the other day, and so were the Duke and Duchess of Leeds. Le Touquet has, of course, had its usual influx of English visitors. One more than familiar face and figure was that of Lord Portarlington, and another was that of Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, who seemed to have had a bit of luck at the tables on at least one night. The reason for seeing Mrs. Charles Sweeny enter a well-known jeweller's in Bond Street almost directly after her return may have been that she, too, came away with a bit of money. Lord and Lady Dufferin were others seen in the same gay spot. The former, by the way, was nearly not seen again; but we were all more than thankful that the mishap was no worse than it was. Lady Dudley was, of course, over there for the holiday, as were the "Babe" Barnatos.

Mr. Morris Jackaman

A sketch by Molly Bishop of one of our best-known owner-pilots, and the managing director of the company controlling the Graves-end and Gatwick airports. He is the author of an article in our Flying Section

QUITE a number of yachting enthusiasts turned up at Cowes for the week-end. Mr. Ernest Guinness was in the air in his new autogiro, which he seems very pleased with. When he wasn't in mid-air he was on board the famous Fantôme, in which he is hoping to push out to sea for a cruise a bit later on, now that he 's recovering his normal health. Lord Fitzwilliam was on board his superb new motor-yacht, Ceto, which has everything you can wish for, including wireless telephony, if that appeals to you. We spotted the Endeavour in the Solent. She 's the first big racer to make an appearance this year. Sir Philip Hunloke was about in Gosport, keeping a watchful eye on the Britannia, which is being got ready for the season.

SCOTLAND had its house-parties for Easter, too. Lady Seafield and her husband had a party at Cullen, including Miss Daphne Kingsmill, from whom they seem inseparable at the moment; and Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley, who is always guaranteed to make any party go with a swing.

ONE bit of news that everybody will be delighted to hear is that "our Eddie," i.e., Mr. Edward Tatham (not that any explanation is necessary), has returned to us in rollicking form from America. He 's looking extremely well, and much the same, save for a broken arm. We haven't yet discovered how it broke. Another bit of news is that Lord Moore really is going to marry Miss Joan Carr, the radio star. He has sailed for America, and she is following him in a few weeks, and we gather they will return married. He is Lord Drogheda's heir, and brother of Lady Patricia Latham, and has just celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday.

MRS. PEEPS

And One in London

Major Terence Nugent, Irish Guards, and Miss Rosalie Willoughby, Brig.-General the Hon. Charles and Lady Muriel Willoughby's only daughter, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the Duke of York's Extra Equerry, and is the son of the late Brig.-General George Nugent

A Scottish Wedding

Mr. Malcolm Wolfe Murray, Black Watch, only son of the late Brig.-General A. A. Wolfe Murray, and Mrs. Pitman, of the Riggs of Traquair, Innerleithen, and Lady Grizel Boyle, the Earl and Countess of Glasgow's eldest daughter, were married at St. Columba's, Largs, with Black Watch pipers to pipe them out of church

And a Northumbrian One

The Hon. Evelyn Baring and Lady Mary Grey were married at St. Michael's, Howick. He is the Earl of Cromer's half-brother; and she is the elder daughter of Earl and Countess Grey, whose place is Howick House, Lesbury, in Northumberland

Houston Rogers

MAGDA KUN—A HUNGARIAN ENCHANTRESS

Magda Kun is the charming little comédienne in "Let's Go Gay," the Embassy revue at the Shaftesbury; she's gay, impertinent, comic and wistful by turns. Her Hungarian co-star, Steve Geray, is also her husband; they got married in London last June, after playing together in "Happy Week-end." She has done some film work over here, is in "I Lost My Heart in Old Heidelberg," and is booked for the comédienne's part in the B.I.P. version of "The Du Barry," in which another Hungarian, Gitta Alpar, has been chosen for the name part

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Six More of the 1935 Debutantes

Photographs by Bassano, Hay Wrightson, Lenare, Kay Vaughan

The Hon. Elizabeth Carrington

The Hon. Deborah Greenwood

Rachel Tennyson

***Elizabeth Carrington** is Lord and Lady Carrington's only daughter, was born in 1917, and was presented in March. Her mother is a sister of Lord Colville of Culross. Her home is Millaton, Bridestowe, in Devon. She has one brother, Peter, who is two years younger than herself*

***Deborah Greenwood** is Lord and Lady Greenwood's younger daughter and is being presented by her mother. She is eighteen this year, has one sister, Angela, who is five years older, and two brothers, the elder of whom comes of age next October*

***Rachel Tennyson** was a March presentation; she went to Court with her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Tennyson, who is a half-sister of the Earl of Perth. Her father, Alfred Tennyson, is a grandson of the Poet Laureate. Her parents have a house near Brentwood, in Essex*

Jacqueline Swinnerton Dyer

***Jacqueline Swinnerton Dyer** is the only sister of the twenty-one-years-old Sir John Swinnerton Dyer, who succeeded when their father was killed in the war in 1917. Their mother, who is an Australian, is now Mrs. Louis Collier; she gave a dance for her son and daughter at her Park Lane house in March*

Sheila Mary O'Malley

***Sheila Mary O'Malley** is an Irish debutante from Tipperary; she is the daughter of Mrs. O'Malley of Suir Castle, Golden Cashel, and granddaughter of the late George Edwardes, of Daly's and Gaiety Theatre fame. She was presented at the Second Court in March*

***Roshnara Wingfield-Stratford** is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Esme Wingfield-Stratford, of the Oaks, Berkhamsted. Her mother presented her last year, but she is having her coming-out season this year. Mrs. Wingfield-Stratford is giving a dance for her on May 3rd at 16, Bruton St.*

Roshnara Wingfield-Stratford

HEAD

Three Stars an
Technique
Countries
Decorative

Below:

Lilian

This is a Hollywood photo taken from the Columbia f last jobs out there. It 's calle she has as her opposite numb who was such a success in of Love." They had Vic them. Lilian Harvey sh her shoes a month or two ba film studios of Europe, wher

Oriel Ross

Here 's a striking photograph of the English actress with the lovely golden-red hair, taken by a German photographer who is at present working in London. Oriel Ross had an effective part in Dodie Smith's play, "Touchwood," at the Haymarket. She also appeared in the Sunday night performance of "The White Devil," at St. Martin's, not long ago

-Lines

d the Camera of as Many Produce a Triptych

Harvey

ograph of Lilian Harvey, lm which was one of her d "Let's Live To-night"; per in it Tullio Carmmati, Grace Moore's "One Night tor Schertzinger to direct the Hollywood dust off k, and headed back to the she made her big successes

Roye, Paris

Jica Helda

And this neo-classic head, photographed in a Paris studio, belongs to a new French film star, Jica Helda. She is something of a linguist, being fluent in French, English and German. She is coming to England before long, to make a film here, and is said to be going to use all her three languages

The Archer—

Negative and Positive

From the Camera Study by John Everard

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A Racing Reverie

The Epsom Spring Party

By "Regular"

THIS is a busy time for us racing people, with five or six days' racing every week; but don't let anyone pitch you a sad story about how utterly worn out they get racing every day. The only people who are entitled to get fatigued as the result of their racing are jockeys, trainers, and perhaps bookmakers; the rest of us ought to thank our lucky stars we 're not cooped up, working eight hours in a stuffy office. Fatigued my eye; while as for writing this article, it 's just like writing home to mother, only you don't get paid for writing home to mother. The only thing that makes me tired about racing is writing out cheques to bookmakers who are tired of waiting.

An Indian Visitor at Epsom

The Maharaja of Kashmir walking round with Capt. Crawford on City and Suburban day at Epsom; he has brought his polo team over with him, and has a horse running in the Derby

I YIELD to no one in my admiration for the Church, and as befits one who has two relations writing for the Sunday papers, I look forward to the seventh day with an ill-concealed longing. At the same time, I fail to see why we should allow its festivities to monkey around with the racing calendar.

As the result of the tardy arrival of Easter, this year we have had the Rosebery Stakes, the newly formed King's Prize, and the City and Suburban, all 1¼-mile races, inside the space of four days, and the Queen's Prize and the Great Metropolitan, both long-distance handicaps, on consecutive days. I need hardly say that these races suffered considerably from their close proximity to one another.

GREAT minds have invariably differed on what they considered the most beautiful sight on earth. Some aver that there is nothing to equal the sun rising over the mountains; others prefer the sun setting over the self-same mountains, from a slightly different aspect.

The Musselburgh Meeting

Miss Sheila Ogilvie and Miss Margaret Borthwick were two of the decorations at the Edinburgh Spring Meeting. Margaret Borthwick is an Edinburgh ex-deb who was presented last year at Holyrood

THERE are those who think that nought can compare with your loved one's face when she acquaints you with a strange and wonderful piece of news; while others forget all else in the spectacle of a freshly filled glass. I trust I do not appear unduly materialistic when I say give me every time Gordon Richards three lengths clear a hundred yards from home, with his whip still swinging, when you have double your limit on.

IF I read the signs correctly, a number of people had a lovely view in the finish of the Nork Park Maiden Plate at Epsom last Wednesday, which was won by a horse few of us had ever heard of before, called First Son, owned by Mrs. Evans, and ridden by Gordon Richards.

I WAS brought up to believe that all the world loved a Gibson Girl; but I never fully appreciated the truth of these words until First Son was being led into the unsaddling enclosure, and one and all were saying how glad they were that Camille Clifford, the sweetest of them all, had won a race at Epsom. First Son was backed down from 7-1 to "go and scratch yourself."

THERE is something indefinably thrilling about Epsom, an atmosphere of romance which invests the humblest race with an importance far in advance of its intrinsic value. The executive are not slow to appreciate this fact, and much of the fare is very humble; but I, for one, and I know hundreds like me, would sooner race at Epsom than anywhere else in the world; yes, even if they allowed women in the Members'—which Heaven forbid—and did away with a couple of bars—which Heaven also forbid!

Married Last Week

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Pitman went racing at Musselburgh a few days before their wedding. She was Helen Rowe, one of Edinburgh's prettiest girls, and he is Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Pitman's eldest son

THE Warren Plate, the race prior to First Son's success, was won by Sky Pioneer, in the colours of my old friend "Guardrail." "Guardrail" is the type of man (and, mind you, I know what I 'm talking about, as I 've known the old perisher for years) who, if he won a very little money, would buy a very cheap yearling; but if he won a great deal of money, would buy a very expensive one. No fear of Geoff buying himself an annuity or insuring his life, for as long as Victor holds a licence, and Bert Rich attends the yearling sales, he will always take a chance.

AN even faster two-year-old than Sky Pioneer is the Glenaffaric gelding, which won again at Kempton by the length of a street without ever being out of a nice, steady canter. This one, to my mind, is easily the best two-year-old we 've seen out so far. As narrow as a board, with a breast girth to stop his saddle slipping over his tail, this gelding is no oil painting; but can he leg it? I 'll say he can.

THE big races of the week all fell to well-fancied animals. The Lambtons won the Queen's Prize with Apple Peel, and now, perhaps, Master Teddy will be able to get his hair cut. Apple Peel was a worthy winner, but his path was made easier by the fact that Gethin, on Polly Stephens, got pins and needles and was paralysed.

THE Metropolitan winner, Crawley Wood, was the easiest winner I have ever seen, and what 's more, all the really clever people backed it, despite which, it started at 100-8; and Montrose, superbly ridden by Gordon, won the City.

THIS amazing little man has had many wonderful days, but I don't think he ever rode quite so well as he did last Wednesday. I don't know which was the finest achievement, his Rodeo exhibition on Lone Isle, or his winning effort on Straight Deal, a green two-year-old, who appeared to know nothing about racing at all. However, Gordon soon taught it. There never has been a better jockey than Gordon Richards, and there never will be.

ROUNDABOUT

Richard Tauber and Diana Napier Are Engaged

Richard Tauber and Diana Napier, the English film actress, announced their engagement last week, and celebrated it by going to the first night of "Tovarich," at the Lyric. They are both working at the moment in "My Heart's Delight," Tauber's new musical film, at Elstree

Right, above: Lady Hambleden sitting next Lord Wakefield at the lunch he gave at Claridge's in connection with the Tower Hill Pageant and Tattoo (May 25th—June 8th), which is in aid of the Tower Hill Improvement Scheme. Below them are Lady Wingate, General Sir Reginald Wingate's wife, and Lord Iddesleigh

Lord Wakefield's Lunch In Connection with the Tower Hill Pageant

A Hollywood Film Star Goes Racing

Wynne Gibson, the American star who is over here to play lead in the film of "Admirals All," went racing on Easter Monday at Kempton with Mrs. Clive Loehnis. The latter's husband, who was a sailor, is supervising the naval details of the film

Right: Lady Mary Lygon talking to Lord Donegall on her way in to the San Marco

The Duke of Connaught Plants a Jubilee Tree

Leslie Henson Sees His Brother Married

Above: Mr. Bertram Henson, his bride, Miss Barbara Ruegg, his famous brother, Leslie Henson, and a small bridesmaid after his wedding at St. Peter's, Belsize Square. Miss Ruegg is the daughter of Mr. Justice Ruegg, the Staffordshire judge

Above, right: the Duke of Connaught talking to Mrs. Wendell after he had planted a blue cedar in the gardens of Branksome Towers, at Bournemouth, where he was staying. Mrs. Wendell's daughters are Lady Carnarvon and Lady Galloway

Left: Lady Doreen Hope and her entry winning the Junior Dog Race at a horse and dog gymkhana at Oatridge, near Linlithgow. She is the Linlithgows' youngest daughter

Right: Miss Maryoth Hay, Lord Edward Hay's seventeen-year-old daughter, was competing in the Pony Club gymkhana at Little Ongar, Essex. Her father has a place, Hill Hall, at Theydon, in Essex

Lord Edward Hay's Daughter

Hurry, Dog! You're Winning

Left: Robert Donat and his wife and Elsa Lanchester were at the première of "Les Misérables," in which Charles Laughton gives another of his superb performances. Elsa Lanchester is his wife

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden and their eleven-year-old son, Simon, were photographed just before they left for the country, where the Lord Privy Seal is finishing his convalescence from the serious overstrain that followed his European peace tour

Above: Miss Diana Brassey and her sister, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, and Mr. J. C. Windsor Lewis marking their cards in the paddock

Miss Gill Cowan walking round with Sir Eustace Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele's brother, on the first day, when Mr. J. E. Cottrell's Crawley Wood won the Great Metropolitan by an easy four lengths

Left: Miss Mary de Trafford, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's second daughter, and her débutante cousin, the Hon. Penelope Mills. The latter has already become a regular, and has hardly missed a meeting

Spring Suits At Epsom

A Look Around On the Ladies' Side

It Was a Coat-and-Skirt Meeting

Right: Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes and Lady Katherine Bigham both wore blue; one was all in navy, with a gardenia pinned on her coat, and the other in hyacinth blue flecked with white, with navy blue et ceteras

Miss Beryl Buckmaster and Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham both had nice spring suits and hats on, and were very look-able as they walked round

The last view is of Miss Nan McGowan between two of the Baker sisters, Joan and Beatrice; they did part of the second day's racing at Epsom in company

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Says

SIR JOHN LAVERY

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A Varied Collection : By A. G. Macdonell

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART has rewritten a good deal of an earlier book and republished it under the title *When Britain Goes to War* (Faber and Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is a book of profound interest to the layman, and of high importance to the professional soldier, for it can hold the former by its lucid style and the innate fascination of the subject, whereas to the latter it brings a width of vision and a startling clarity of thought that was so sadly lacking in the professional conduct of the last war. Captain Liddell Hart begins with a sketch of Britain's historical strategy, and argues that in 1914-18 we were wrong to abandon our practice of three centuries and "grasp the glittering sword of Continental manufacture." Then he proceeds to air-warfare, mobility (with an extraordinarily interesting appreciation of Napoleon's methods, which no one ever grasped except Napoleon himself, and, on a lesser scale, T. E Lawrence of Arabia), a long discussion of the most recent tank-manœuvres in the south of England, and the future of the Territorial Army. The vital importance of Armoured Mobility is Captain Liddell Hart's underlying theme in all his teachings, and he so wisely points out the irony by which the modern generals, under the impression that they were being "Napoleonic," evolved a gigantic stalemate that was the exact opposite of the true Napoleonic theory. "The Armies of 1914-18 were like huge fungoid plants, firm-rooted and nourished through long stems. An armoured force has the power to be a deadly vapour, 'blowing where it lists'; an influence, invulnerable less through its armour than through its power to move away. Thus it would be intangible, and all the more demoralising." Words of rare wisdom.

MR. PETER TRAILL'S new book of short stories, *Red, Green and Amber* (Grayson and Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is really most entertaining, and one of the main reasons for this is a very praiseworthy one. For Mr. Traill has obviously taken the trouble to study the art of short-story writing, as approved by the French masters and by O. Henry, and the time spent in learning has brought its own reward. Mr. Traill is not one of your Tchehov school, which got the impression that it could write a description of a lunatic's reactions to the sight of a cockroach climbing up a wall, and call the dreary result a "short story." His stories have a beginning, a middle, and an end. In other words, they each contain a story, and often, as in the best of O. Henry, the sting is contained in the very last line. This is the perfect device in the art, for the reader is keyed-up tensely from first word to last, and no story-teller can do more than that. Mr. Traill can pipe in many moods. Some are frankly trivial, neat, shiny bubbles. But one or two are darkly ironical. *Le Fin Renard*, for instance, is a tale after the heart of de Maupassant himself, and the last line of *Not Proven* is a subtle touch of the dramatic.

"HUNG FOR A SONG" is the story of a pair of scoundrels—one a professional, and the other an amateur—who flourished in the Caribbean Sea in about 1715. Major Stede Bonnet was a fat, elderly man who got very bored with his life as a rich landowner in Barbados, and still more bored with his life as the husband of Mrs. Bonnet, so he fitted out a sloop, armed her with ten beautiful modern guns, and went out a-buccaneering. He recruited a crew of pirates at the Dry Tortugas, and, after a bit, fell in with the execrable Teach, sometimes called "Blackbeard." Teach soon proved too much for the amateur pirate, and the Major had to suffer humiliation and swindle. In the end, Teach was killed by Robert Maynard, of the Royal Navy, and Bonnet was hanged at Charleston. It might have been a more interesting tale than it is, for Mr. Parrish has introduced a lot of queer, half-metaphysical, half-poetical musings which are sadly out of place in a rough, brutal yarn about hangings, walkings of the plank, choppings-off of ears, and sundry disembowellings.

"It's full of frustration, and he doesn't marry her or anything"

THE subjects of *Arctic S.O.S.* (Muller; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Joseph Velter, and of *The Man Who Deserted* (John Heritage; 7*s.* 6*d.*) are literally Poles apart. Mr. Velter's book—a translation from the German—is about three Russians who are stuck throughout the darkness of an Arctic winter in a lonely wireless-outpost. They have a fearful time with each other. Being Russians, they are apt to be morbid and introspective almost to the point of craziness anyway. The Northern winter just about finishes them off. One of them dies, the other two are rescued after as pretty a show of morbidity and nerves as I ever read.

"THE MAN WHO DESERTED," on the other hand, is written in the grand old tradition of Beau Geste, the stout fella, the white man, and the old school tie. The hero is a youth who joined up in the World War at seventeen, found that shell-fire was somewhat more unpleasant than he imagined, and so deserted. Fortunately undetected, he returned to civil life as a photographer's assistant in a London suburb, and by a series of remarkable chances is chosen Official Photographer to an Antarctic Expedition. The Commander is also a White Man, but his best friend is definitely of a greyish, if not an even darker, hue. When the final dash for the Pole is made, the gallant young photographer is among the chosen six, and the party sets out, taking with them, for some curious reason, the ship's cat. (For exposing this luckless animal to the rigours of Antarctica, surely these stout fellas lost a mark or two?) Disasters overtake the party. One of them falls into icy water, and dies of a chill. Two of them are blown away by a considerable wind, and the Commander tumbles into a crevasse and sustains such a peculiar blow on the head that he thenceforth imagines that he is a schoolboy. Whereupon the Commander's best friend promptly gets the notion that the best thing to do is to bump the poor chap off, and is only prevented by a revolver bullet which the Photographer inserts into his chest at point-blank range. Here is a pretty kettle of fish. The gallant youth wins out, however, and gets home with his potty Commander. Once back in England, the latter recovers his mental equipment—such as it was—with as surprising suddenness as he lost it, and, after the Boy Hero has been most unnecessarily knocked down and seriously injured by a car at Hammersmith Broadway, and has, also most unnecessarily, recovered from the accident, the book ends in a perfect welter of White Men and a marriage between the Photographer and the sister-in-law of the Commander.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Grace and simplicity are the characteristic features of this charming frock, a new member of the Younger Set Department, at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is carried out in powder blue cloqué, threaded with silver, and only costs 7½ guineas. The corsage is draped at the waist and slightly shirred across the top, and the moulded skirt ends in a fish-tail train. It can be copied in other colours. A note should be made of the pearl accessories, which are sponsored by the same firm, and have been specially dyed to a lovely new shade of amber

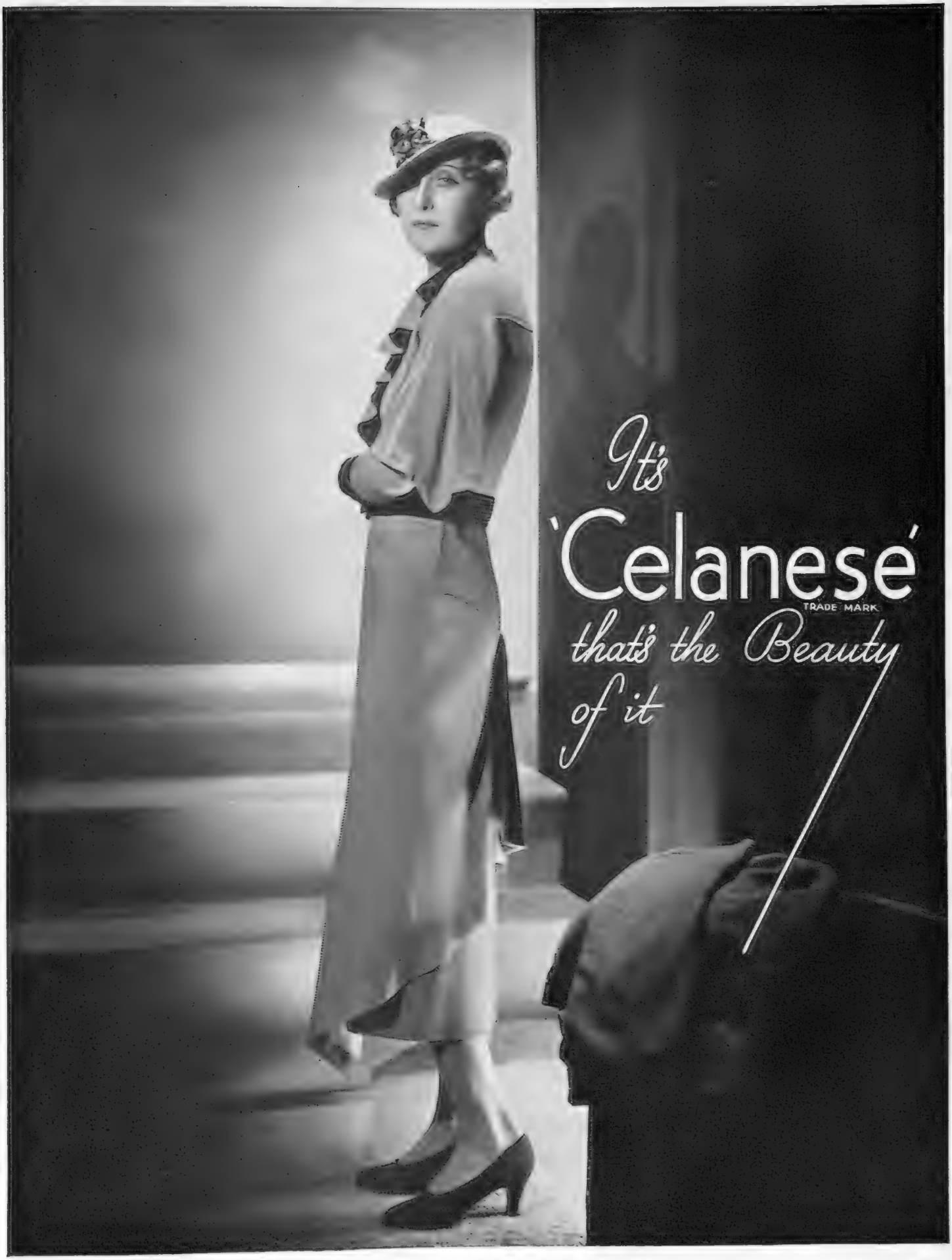
Peter Clark

Simplicity For Town And Country Wear

Navy-blue wool mousse is the material used for this simple frock from Marshall and Snelgrove, Bond Street, Leeds, which costs 9½ guineas. It has three-quarter-length loose elbow sleeves, and a wide patent-leather belt. The collar strikes a new note, as it consists of white stiffened net gathered like a Toby frill. It is detachable and can therefore be worn alternately with other accessories. To complete the scheme there is a navy-blue Manilla straw hat trimmed with white

Linen plays an important rôle this season, and is used for evening as well as day clothes. Dance frocks in printed linen are ideal for cruising and very becoming. The ensemble portrayed on the right is in oatmeal linen, and may also be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Leeds. The frock, which buttons down the left side, has a gay check corsage and green patent-leather belt, while the short jacket is in harmony with the plain skirt and has elbow sleeves and two patch pockets

Lenare



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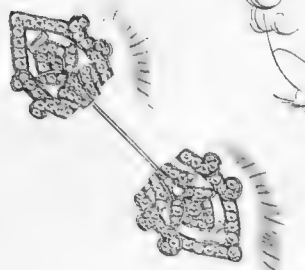
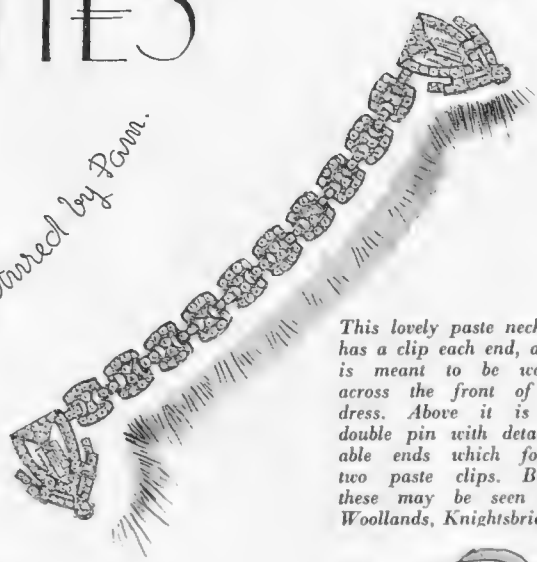
The BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta, pictured by Pam.

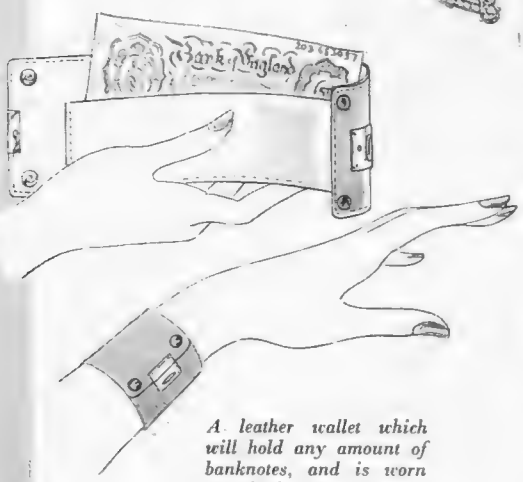


For evening there is this charming hair bandeau in fine paste, with clips either end which hold it in place. It also comes from Woollands, and only costs 19s. 6d.

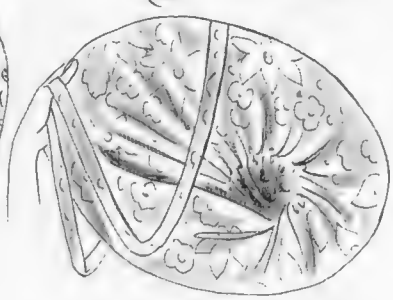


This lovely paste necklet has a clip each end, and is meant to be worn across the front of a dress. Above it is a double pin with detachable ends which form two paste clips. Both these may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge

White starched piqué is used for this original collar, composed of petals. It is effective worn with a plain frock, and costs 9s. 11d. from Harrods, Knightsbridge



A leather wallet which will hold any amount of banknotes, and is worn round the wrist like a bracelet, is an excellent weapon against bag-snatchers. It costs 6s., from Swan and Edgar



Here is something quite new in the way of beach-hats from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus. It is made in floral cotton and is available in two sizes at 3s. 11d. and 5s. The second illustration shows it folded up like a bag

Both the jabot and the flower are made in white organdie, and may be seen at Harrods. The jabot is composed of circular frills and ties at the back, while the camellia may be worn at any angle, and costs 4s. 6d.

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"SUNTEX" SUMMER FROCK & COATEE in many lovely shades, including Turf, Beige, Rose, Pink, White, Blue, Green, etc. Stocked in sizes 44, 46, 48.
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A LOVELY TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in periwinkle-blue marocain, with embroidered bands on bodice and pockets to tone. The sleeves are trimmed with Fox dyed to the same shade but in a slightly deeper tone. Model size 46. Any other shade to order. PRICE COMPLETE **32½** gns.
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(Second Floor)

REGENT ST., JAY'S Ltd LONDON, W.1

Lord Birkenhead

Clubs Without Quarters

(*Continued from page 190*)

Before anybody sits down to dinner, however, the Master of Ceremonies declaims "Bring me the body of the Keeper of the Archives." Whereupon, Ralph Straus brings in a massive gold key on a velvet cushion and places it in front of the Master of Ceremonies as a mace.

DURING the course of the evening, the secretary reads out the very odd minutes, and the Club song is sung. This has a tune of its own. The first verse begins—

All men are human volumes running on from
birth to age;
Old Time turns silently our leaves and numbers
every page.
He tried one day to count the Sette. "It 's
odd," said he, "but true,
Odd Volumes number twenty-one but add up
forty-two."

There is also a chorus and two more odd verses.

Among the junior Odd Volumes is Lord Birkenhead, known as Faber; Norman Birkett, K.C., whose designation in the Sette I forget; Lord Tiverton, who styles himself Chymicophant; and Teddy Wakelam, who—very properly—has taken the name of Commentator, in view of his "Rugger" broadcasts. Grizzled André Simon is Vintner. As I write, he is in the United States looking into the matter of champagne and other wet markets. He is supposed to have a more catholic knowledge of wine than anybody alive.

Another Odd Volume is Geoffry Carte, one of the famous D'Oyly Carte family. His designation is Gardener. He knows about the throats of more film stars and opera singers than anybody in the country. They nearly all go to him. Ralph Straus has been writing for a quarter of a century. His latest book is to be called *Five Men Go to Prison*. He lives in Oxford Mansions, which, as you may know, is a kind of junior Albany. His great hero is the late George Augustus Sala, the most prolific writer in history.

The Sette has been unlucky in the past twelve months, having lost Sir Maurice Craig, the man who decided unequivocally that Ronald True was insane; and also Owen Lankester. Mostly, the members are surgeons (like Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, who did the first open bone operation in history and now seems to look down his nose at the surgeon's knife); legal lights, such as Mr. Justice Eve; and soldiers, like Sir John Braithwaite (now Governor of Chelsea Hospital and once upon a time the handsomest man in the British Army); together with a sprinkling of authors.

I HAD almost forgotten to say that at each dinner one of the Odd Volumes, selected beforehand, gives a lecture or reads a paper on some specialised subject, after which a debate follows, in which guests are also allowed to take part. A high percentage of these speeches are printed privately in very limited editions for the Odd Volumes themselves and the acquaintances of the speaker himself.

Mr. A. J. A. Symons

Mature Materials

THE CONNOISSEUR of fine cloth, like he who understands rare wines and cigars, appreciates the importance of maturity.

There are elderly people who still affirm that the worsteds of to-day are not as good as those produced in pre-war days. In point of fact, the best present-day materials are of equally fine quality, and of incomparably better design. Huddersfield is producing as fine worsted as it has ever done before, the West of England yields Saxonies and flannels that are unsurpassed, while North of the Tweed, Scotch worsteds, Cheviots and other tweeds have reached a higher level than they touched before the War.

But there is some foundation for this elderly criticism; and it is based on the fact that too much of the present-day materials pass almost straight from the shrinkers to the cutting board, pausing only, in some cases, a few brief hours to be invoiced in and out of the woollen merchants. The result of this is, that the material is apt to crease during the first few weeks of wear, until it has properly matured. A good cloth will always improve with time, but it is frequently annoying to the customer to have to wait two or three months before he can wear his new suit with confidence.

In the spacious days of old, every reputable woollen merchant would lay up his materials in some large, cool cellar for at least three months before delivering them to the Tailor. But in this rush age, merchants do not care to think too far ahead; fashions in male suitings change slightly enough, in all conscience—but they change enough to land a merchant with bad stock. And, without wishing to malign those hard-working and useful intermediaries, it cannot be denied that some of them are only too acutely aware of the cost, in interest, of a stock which is idle for three months or more.

POPE & BRADLEY insist that all the materials which are each season exclusively manufactured to their own design, are stored for three months under the right conditions before delivery. This also applies to all dress coatings and other standard cloths.

The process of maturing is an added expense, but it is in accordance with our policy; it helps to ensure that we use only materials that are worthy of the artistry of our cut.

LOUNGE SUITS FROM 10 GNS. • DINNER SUITS FROM 15 GNS. • DRESS SUITS FROM 16 GNS.

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She Plays A First-Rate Game

PLAYING well at the top of her form, youthful, active and supple!

She is not frightened of Rheumatism or of losing her youthful figure—though she is approaching middle-age — her secret is a morning glass of Kutnow's Powder.

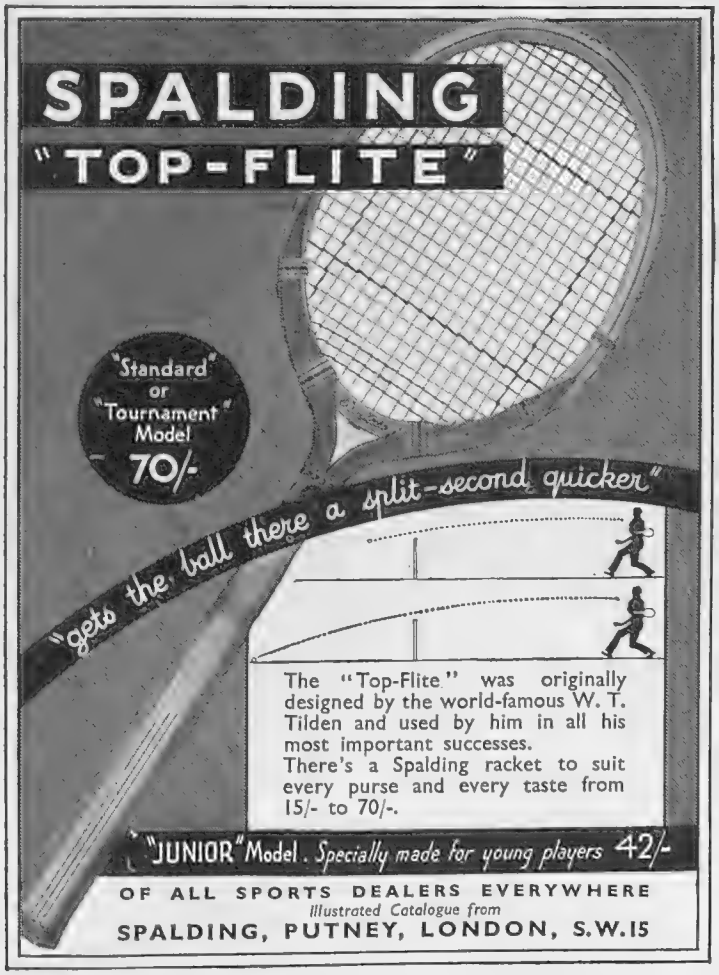
Kutnow's Powder is a pleasant saline with a dual action — it breaks up and eliminates surplus fat daily; and by its alkaline character neutralises those acids which lead to Rheumatism.

Half-an-hour before breakfast tell your maid to bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessertspoonful of Kutnow's Powder in it, stir briskly and drink it off.

Make this a morning habit and you will be active, supple and slim.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS. HOME PRICE 2/9.



GATE CRASHER

The Palace has been forced into the London Season, or as Lady Limelight so graphically puts it: "For me the Palace IS the Season—and the Riviera, too!"

In these days of cars, fast trains, and faster aeroplanes, it is possible to make the Palace one's pied-à-terre and still attend Ascot or spend a night in town for a Court.

To be staying at Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House any time is definitely to be in the swim, also on the golf links, in the ballroom, on the tennis courts, and in clover anyway—four-leaved clover, knee-high!

As Lady L. once summed up the visitors' book: "Exclusive guests on inclusive terms."

STOP PRESS!

Clemson and Valerie, Dance Host and Hostess, in special numbers they will present at London's Jubilee Balls. * * * Small Course Golf Championship in Palace Grounds: May.

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• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

The Air Mail in 1911

Unloading the first official British air mail at Hendon Aerodrome in 1911. More than 100,000 letters and post-cards were carried between London and Windsor during the experiment

A Pre-War Aviator

Gustav Hamel, pilot of the Blériot monoplane with which he inaugurated the first aeroplane mail to be sanctioned by the Post Office. This photograph was taken at Hendon on September 9th, 1911

On the right: filling the post-bag at Blackpool in August 1910. Second from the left is the late G. Holt Thomas, pioneer aircraft manufacturer and air-transport operator; next to him is Claude Grahame-White, who was the leading pilot of the day

Some Pioneers at Blackpool

Twenty-Five Years of the Flying Mail

By Harry Harper

IT is a happy coincidence, in this memorable year of 1935, when people at home and abroad celebrate a Royal Jubilee, that British aviation should be celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the first transport of mails by aeroplane in England, which took place at the famous Blackpool Meeting of 1910. Long before the coming of the aeroplane, of course, there were experiments in carrying letters in early-type balloons. It was, for example, a visit which the famous aeronaut, Blanchard, paid to America as far back as 1793 which gave rise to a story—never, however, substantiated—as to the very first letter to be air-borne in a balloon. It was said that Blanchard, while making ascents in the United States, took up with him on one occasion a letter signed especially by George Washington. The supposed existence of this letter became a legend in aeronautics. In 1841, while giving demonstrations at Lympne, a well-known aeronaut named Gypson did actually drop a stamped letter from his balloon. It is supposed to have reached the friend to whom it was addressed.

IT was not until the Franco-German War of 1870-71, when Paris was besieged, that there was any systematic carriage of letters by air. In order to establish communication with the outside world, the authorities in Paris organised a balloon post, which accomplished just on seventy flights, during which thousands of missives were airborne from the beleagured capital. In 1900 came the first of the Zeppelins, and long flights were accomplished by airships of this type over various parts of Germany. In some of these voyages mail-carrying tests were made, letters being flown from town to town; while, in certain cases, boxes were provided in the airships so that letters could be posted in the machines themselves while they were on the ground before starting, or when halting at intermediate points.

ALTHOUGH the first real aeroplane flights were made in 1903, it was not until seven years later that we had any authentic test in England in the carriage of letters across country in an engine-driven flying machine of the heavier-than-air type; and it is the Silver Jubilee of this particular event which we shall be celebrating during the present summer. One of the pioneers of British aviation, the late Mr. Holt Thomas, attended the flying meeting that was held at Blackpool in August 1910. So, also, did Mr. Claude Grahame-White, a pioneer aeroplane pilot who had just become a popular hero as the result of his gallant air race with Paulhan in the £10,000 contest from London to Manchester. It was a race which Paulhan won; but Grahame-White, by accomplishing the world's first flight across country by night in his endeavour to make up lost ground, had gained widespread admiration.

IT was in the headquarters of the Lancashire Aero Club at Blackpool that Holt Thomas and Grahame-White drew up a plan for a first experiment in carrying mails by aeroplane. The idea, as originally evolved, was for the machine to fly from Blackpool across to Southport, and then for the mails to be taken over by the Post Office and despatched to their destinations in the ordinary way. This programme, however, had to be modified owing to the persistence of high winds, and what actually happened was that Grahame-White took a mail-bag up with him in his aeroplane on August 10th and made a cross-country flight, under distinctly adverse conditions, for a distance of about seven miles. Modest though it was, this experiment gave Grahame-White the distinction of being the first pilot in this country to carry mails in an aeroplane, and the postcards and letters air-borne during the test, and which bore a special stamp recording the fact, soon became much sought after by collectors. I myself popped a letter into that famous

(Continued on page 224)

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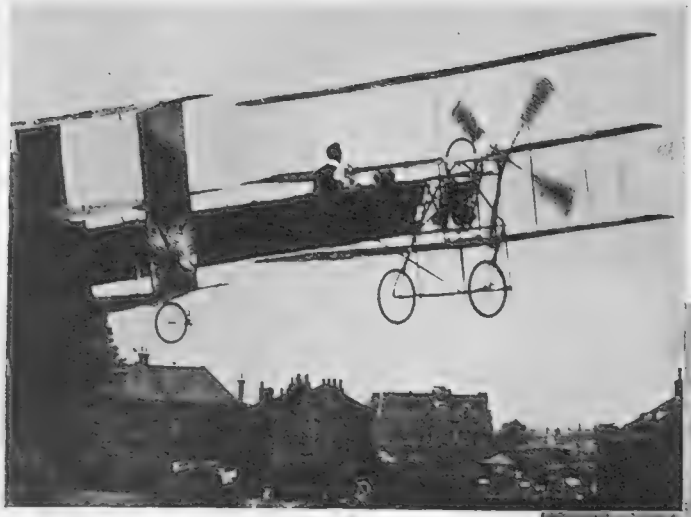
• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section



On the left, A. V. Roe, now Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, flying his triplane with a 9-h.p. J.A.P. engine at Lea Marshes in 1909. Below is a de Havilland 86, one of the latest type ordered by Imperial Airways for carrying the mails. This actual machine is part of Qantas Empire Airways' fleet, on service between Singapore and Brisbane

An Early Bird

Continued from page 222

bag just before the 'plane ascended. Addressed to my wife, in London, this missive duly reached her and was kept for a long time without being considered of any particular importance. Not so very long ago, however, it came to light in some clearing-up operations. Whereupon it was decided to dispose of it, and we were the better off by quite a nice little cheque in consequence.

A SECOND and more important test in transporting mails by aeroplane took place in September 1911, being the first in this country to obtain the official sanction of the Postmaster-General. It was, indeed, one of the chief landmarks in air-mail history. During these trials, just over 100,000 letters and postcards were flown between Hendon and Windsor, the experiment being known as "The Coronation Air Mail," owing to the fact that it was organised to coincide with the festivities in connection with the crowning of King George. One of the aerial postmen was the famous Gustav Hamel, piloting a Blériot monoplane. I remember going out one afternoon to the London Aerodrome at Hendon to see him start off with a bag of mails for Windsor. It was a most unpromising day for flying, the wind gusting at the rate of nearly fifty miles an hour. But Hamel—who was one of the finest of all Blériot pilots—was not to be deterred. Jumping into his machine, he fairly shot into the air. So long as it was near the ground, the monoplane pitched and tossed like a small boat in an angry swell. But Hamel gave a magnificent exhibition of airmanship, and as soon as he reached a higher altitude conditions became steadier, and he completed his journey without mishap. That single-engined 50-h.p. 'plane of his carried just its pilot and a 23 lb. bag of letters. To-day—epitomising air progress—one of our big, four-engined mail-'planes develops over 2000 h.p. and lifts into the air a load of more than three tons.

WITH the war period of flying I have no concern here beyond pointing out that the stimulus which it gave to design and construction, and the magnificent feats of pilotage it evoked, had a profound influence, technically, in facilitating our post-war efforts to establish air-mail transport on a practical basis. During the war it had been found convenient to use aeroplanes to carry important officials and documents from point to point, particularly when—as was so often the case—the time factor became important. Between London and Paris there was a special war-time service of aeroplanes, many famous personages availing themselves of this 100-miles-an-hour method of rushing between the two capitals. It was also found advantageous, at a later stage, to establish an official aeroplane mail between Folkestone and Cologne, to carry letters for our Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

FOLLOWING this, not long after the cessation of hostilities, came the establishment by private enterprise of a daily air express between London and Paris. This service began in August 1919, and three months later the Post Office entered into its first contract for the regular transport of mails by air between London and the Continent. Progress on the Continental air-mail routes continued for several years, and then, in 1924, it was decided to focus British effort into the one national organisation of Imperial Airways, and to embark on a vigorous programme of Empire air development.

The Imperial Mail—1935

BY 1927 a first commercial Empire air-mail of 1100 miles was flying between Cairo and Basra, and in 1929 an England-India service of 5000 miles came into operation between London and Karachi. Two years later the first Central Africa sections were opened of an aerial mail between Cairo and the Cape, and by 1933 it was found possible to inaugurate a through route of 8000 miles from London to Cape Town. Following upon this came extensions of the India route to Calcutta, Rangoon, and Singapore, and by the end of last year British air transport realised its ambition of an Empire route of 12,800 miles from England to Australia. To-day our Empire air-mails from London extend over approximately 20,000 miles. Which is rather different from the 20-miles route over which the pioneer service of 1911 was flying!

AT the present time, plans are being completed for extending the Australia route to New Zealand, and for establishing a service to Hong Kong; while close attention continues to be paid to the question of a regular Atlantic air-mail to connect the existing Empire routes with the airway systems of Canada and the United States. With this Atlantic link in operation, it will be possible for mails, after being air-borne across Canada from west to east, to be flown on over the ocean to London; after which, they will be carried in stages across Europe and the Mediterranean to Egypt, Africa, India, and Australia; while, when the Pacific is bridged, either by flying-boat or airship, we shall be able to do what we were discussing in the Aero Club at Blackpool twenty-five years ago—and that is, to send letters completely round the world by an organised system of long-range aircraft, flying in accurately-timed relays.

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WAKEFIELD PATENT Castrol MOTOR OIL

"no sludge or deposit"

"little carbon deposit"

"consumption of 6118 miles per gallon"

"all working parts in good condition"

"piston rings free in their grooves"

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10,017 miles on the road by an Austin—without stopping the engine

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF
ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB TRIAL No. 771.
WAKEFIELD PATENT CASTROL "XL" OIL.

ENTRY.—Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Company, Limited, of Wakefield House, 30/32 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, submitted for trial a sample of Wakefield Patent Castrol "XL" Engine Oil.

OBJECT OF TRIAL.—The object of the trial, as declared by the entrants, was to demonstrate the performance of the oil in the engine of a car, running over a distance of 10,000 miles, without stopping the engine.

DESCRIPTION OF TRIAL.—The car used for the trial was supplied by the entrants and was a 1935 18 h.p. Austin car fitted with saloon body.

The trial was run in three eight-hour shifts per 24 hours, intentional stops, with the engine running, being made for traffic, refreshments, and changing crew. The total distance covered was 10,017¾ miles, at an average speed (settled by the entrants) of 32·2 miles per hour, excluding all stops.

RECORD OF TRIAL.—The engine ran continuously throughout the trial for a total time of 341 hours 52 mins. The car was stationary, with the engine running, for a total time of 40 hours 12 mins., the longest stops being of 44 mins., 43 mins. and 43 mins. duration respectively.

The engine sump was drained and refilled before the start of the trial, but not again during the trial. The total amount of oil used was 1·64 gallons, equivalent to a consumption of 6,118 miles per gallon. Throughout the trial the oil level in the crankcase was maintained between the "maximum" oil level, as shown on the dipstick, and two-thirds full.

At the end of the trial the engine was completely dismantled. All working parts were found to be covered with a film of oil and were in good condition. The carbon deposit on the piston heads and cylinder heads was thin. There was little carbon deposit on the metal parts of the sparking plugs and the insulators were clean. The piston rings were free in their grooves.

The appearance of the parts was very consistent throughout. The wearing parts, being in uniformly good condition, were not photographed.

On dismantling, the engine sump was found to contain no sludge or deposit.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS AUTHENTICATED BY THE R.A.C.

• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

"The Aeroplane"

Clean Lines Against the Sky

Left: a streamline view of the Klemm "Eagle" at Hanworth. It is built by the British Aircraft Manufacturing Company, and is powered with a Gipsy engine. There are seats for three at an easy speed of 150 miles an hour

Below: the Dragon "Rapide." Something de luxe for the private owner. This particular machine was bought for use by members of the Government and the Air Council

For High-Speed Touring

The Prince in the R.A.F.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, our leading owner-pilot, with Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, during an official visit to Cranwell. The Prince owns two of the Dragon "Rapide" type, and flies whenever there is a possibility of saving time

The Owner-Pilot

Where He Flies and What It Costs

By Morris Jackaman

IT is now about nine years since the first de Havilland Cirrus-engined Moth, G-EBKT, made its maiden flight from de H.'s old aerodrome at Stag Lane, and for all practical purposes, therefore, it is nine years since private flying commenced, because not until the Moth was produced did private aeroplane ownership become a practical possibility for the man of moderate income. In those early days, there were very few private owners—I remember Sir John Rhodes, Lady Bailey, Lord Ossulston, the late Miss Winifred Spooner, Mr. Alan Butler, chairman of the de Havilland Company, and Captain de Havilland. We all knew each other's machines as soon as they appeared in the sky, and the same little group always turned up regularly at the half-dozen or so aviation meetings which were held during the year. Since then, the number of owners in this country has grown to something over four hundred, a large proportion of whom make use of the aeroplane for serious flying on both business and pleasure trips.

IN 1926-27 it was quite an event for any of the few private owners to fly much further afield than Paris, whereas nowadays "A" licence pilots, with very few hours' experience, get into their aeroplanes as a matter of course and fly to any of the European countries. It is also becoming quite a common event for a pilot with less than 100 hours in the air to fly by easy stages to India, Africa, and even as far as Australia. Private owners are beginning to divide themselves more and more clearly into two classes. The first consists of people who are lucky enough to be able to afford a closed machine, such as a Leopard Moth or Monospar, with a view to using it as a normal means of transport for any distance. The second class consists of people, usually with an open machine, who do little more than fly round in the vicinity of their home aerodrome in fine weather, and occasionally make a week-end trip to the south coast. It is not intended to infer that because an owner is not able to afford a closed machine he does not treat his aeroplane as a serious means of transport. On the contrary, there are quite a number of people owning open two-seaters who take long journeys across Europe; but a pilot who is of sufficient calibre to navigate successfully in bad weather on a trip, say, from London to Bucarest, and who undertakes trips of such magnitude fairly regularly, usually finds in the end that it is better, from the point of view of personal comfort, to scrape together sufficient money to buy a cabin machine, even though it may be a second-hand one.

THE writer was one of the first to own a de Havilland coupé Moth, the forerunner of the light cabin aeroplane of to-day. It was nothing more nor less than an ordinary open-cockpit type fitted with a coupé head, sliding glass windows on either side, and a curved talc windscreen in front. I well remember arriving at an aerodrome a week or so after I took delivery of this machine, and being greeted by an old friend, who now holds an important position in aviation, with the remark: "What on earth have you bought that thing for? You must be turning into an old woman." When, on further examination, he discovered that the machine was fitted with a heating device in each cockpit, he gave one look at me and walked away in disgust. De Havilland's, with their usual foresight in such matters, had realised that the aeroplane could never become a popular all-weather vehicle as long as one arrived at the end of a journey dressed in nearly as many coats as are worn by an old London taxicab driver.

AERIAL touring has become easier and more convenient. Some years ago the aeroplane was only useful for getting from

(Continued on page 228)

FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

In a period that has seen so many changes as the last twenty-five years, it is one thing to have kept a name and quite another to have maintained and steadily increased the reputation that goes with it.

Twenty-five years ago, in the dawn of British motoring, the name SHELL was already associated with the idea of quality. Since those days the manufacturers of Shell have lost no opportunity of making a good petrol even better — With the result that in 1935 British motorists continue to repeat

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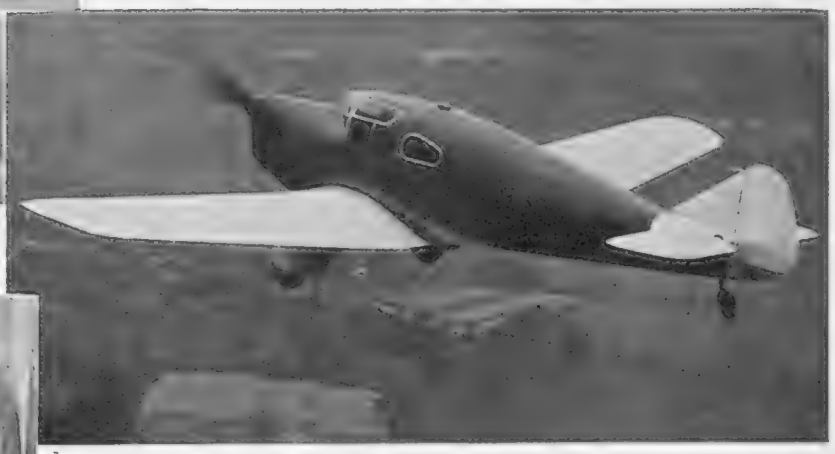
• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

"Flight"

Touring in Sunshine

Left: a Leopard without spots! The popular owner-pilot's 'plane above the clouds at Hatfield. The Leopard, a three-seater built by de Havillands, is in use all over the world



The "Merlin" of Woodley

The latest air-taxi, a Miles "Merlin," was designed and built in ten weeks. It has an airscrew with variable pitch, the equivalent of a gear in a car, and carries five at a top speed of 160 miles an hour

Personalities at Heston

Left: (l. to r.) B. A. Davy an instructor at the School; J. Campbell; C. N. Shaw; "Batts" Page, sales manager and chief pilot for Brian Lewis; E. A. White, superintendent of the School; Dan Cameron, pilot to Lord Furness; V. H. Baker, chief instructor; Angus Irwin

The Owner-Pilot

Continued from page 226)

A to B in this country, for, immediately upon landing abroad, one was met by a mass of Customs and other officials, who appeared to the tired pilot to have only one object in view—to ask him numerous questions and to give him as many papers as possible to sign, with a view to keeping him shivering on the aerodrome as long as possible. To-day matters are very different. Once one knows the ropes at Le Bourget, or, for that matter, at most other aerodromes on the Continent, one can be in and out of the Control and Customs offices, with all papers duly signed, in less than five minutes.

AEROPLANES to-day are more reliable, more comfortable, quieter, warmer, and very much faster than the early Cirrus Moths, Avians, and Widgeons which were on the market in 1927. The new Monospar machine, which has two engines, is capable of maintaining height with one engine stopped; it seats four passengers in comfort and cruises at over 140 miles an hour, as compared with the 75 to 80 miles an hour of the first Cirrus Moths. An example of the business journey by modern cabin aeroplane is perhaps well illustrated by a trip which I made three years ago at Whitsuntide. Leaving England after tea on Friday before Whitsun, with my brother as passenger, Rotterdam was reached in 1 hour 40 minutes. Owing to a following wind, this was over half an hour quicker than we had expected, and, having overlooked the fact that the Dutch had not changed to Summer Time, we arrived 1½ hours ahead of our appointment with the chairman of the Royal Dutch Aero Club.

WE left the ground at Rotterdam at 9 o'clock next morning, and arrived in Berlin soon after midday. We were met at Tempelhof by the secretary of the German Aero Club, who took us into the city and gave us a most excellent lunch in a dining-room which was decorated with oil paintings of British aircraft being shot down over the lines during the war, and two particularly striking pictures of Gothas and Zeppelins bombing London by night. Leaving Berlin after lunch, we flew on to Warsaw, arriving soon after 5 o'clock. Here, again, everyone was most hospitable; we were taken out to dinner by members of the committee of the Aero Club, who also supplied us with free petrol and oil to continue our journey the next day. We left Warsaw at 9 o'clock the next morning, lunched in Vienna, took tea in Venice, and dined in Rome. The next morning was spent at the Air Ministry until 10.30 a.m. Leaving Rome at exactly 11 o'clock, we flew on, in almost tropical heat, over the Mont Cenis Pass, which was feet thick in snow, and landed at Geneva for tea at 3.30 o'clock. Leaving Geneva a few minutes after 4 o'clock, we made for home, and dined in London that night at 8 o'clock.

THIS trip serves very well to show that, given a comfortable aeroplane, it is possible to cover a great distance, do business in a number of countries, and return to England in just over two days without a sign of the fatigue which one would suffer on a similar journey by boat and train taking at least a week to complete. The actual running expenses of this trip amounted to £12 10s., which was £6 5s. per head. A mistaken idea is prevalent in the mind of the layman that running an aeroplane is a luxury which can only be afforded by the very rich. This is wrong. The modern Gipsy Moth, fitted with a 130-h.p. engine, cruises at over 90 miles an hour, does about 18 miles to the gallon, and uses very little oil indeed. Such a machine can be bought for about £600, complete with all the necessary instruments. Running repairs for the year amount to £25 at the outside, and the annual compulsory examination for the Certificate of Airworthiness costs anything from £40 to £50. Comparing the aeroplane with the motor-car, the former has the following advantages: there is no horse-power tax; repainting an aeroplane is a much cheaper job; tyres need only be renewed every three or four years, unless one is very unlucky, and, when they do need renewing, only two are required instead of four, as on a car, and they are about half the price of car tyres. Above all, in these days of 30-mile speed limits, Belisha beacons, and so on, the aeroplane has the outstanding advantage of being out of reach of the law, except in proven cases of dangerously low flying over built-up areas.

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To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

Everywhere—At Any Time—By Air

The British 'Plane for the Owner-Pilot

By Charles E. Ward
The "Bystander" Air Correspondent

"Flight"

Air Power

A Hawker "Demon." The latest version of the "Demon" has a Rolls-Royce "Kestrel V." engine, giving it a speed of well over 200 miles an hour and climbing power comparable to that of a single-seater fighter. The "Demon" is the standard two-seater fighter of the R.A.F., and is used by the Royal Australian Air Force

The Flying Flea

M. Mignet, the inventor of the "Pou du Ciel," a fly-about that costs about £150. Its design is so simple that parts can be assembled by anyone who is handy in the workshop. A Flea Club has been started by the Air League, and several of these midget 'planes are now under construction over here

Below:
Porters of the Air France line packing freight and baggage into the aerial equivalent of the guard's van. Air France operates services from London to all parts of Europe, to Asia and North Africa

Loading the Guard's Van

Below: the "Scion," built by Short Brothers, of Rochester. With Pobjoy "Niagara" engines, it cruises comfortably with five passengers and a pilot aboard at 116 miles an hour

Air Travel for All

Grim thought though it may be, the time is coming when everyone will fly. Not every day, of course, but at those times when business or pleasure dictates the swiftest route between two points. Air being a universal medium for transport, and the one which offers least resistance to progress, it follows that air travel itself will become universal. Already air lines span every continent, and in a few years will bridge the oceans, circling the world with a criss-cross network offering the most rapid connections from any country to any other. Only those who travel full scale can realise the convenience and comfort of the air way. From London to Birmingham, it is quicker to go by train—it will not always be so, but it is to-day. From London to India, Kenya, Australia, it is quicker by air. Where time means money—and, except on holiday, time must always have its value, for life is short—the air route is also the cheaper way. Those who still doubt the aeroplane as a normal vehicle should visit Croydon or Heston, study Imperial Airways' traffic returns, watch the financial columns in the daily papers—or, better than all that, make their next trip to Paris, Le Touquet, Cannes, or Cairo by air. This isn't propaganda: it's proper perspective. We are growing up in the air age and need to adjust ourselves to the rapid changes of our time. Nineteen-thirty-four was a bumper year for British aviation. We won the MacRobertson Trophy in the face of competition from all nations. It was a race free for all—substantial prizes and no restrictions that favoured anyone. In spite of official and commercial discouragement to build fast aircraft that would pass such tests and stand the pace round half the world, de Havillands, aided and abetted most magnificently by Scott and Black, brought the Trophy home to England. But 1931 was also a bumper year. We won the Schneider

(Continued on page 232)

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• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

Everywhere—At Any Time—By Air

(Continued from page 230)

Taxi? "Flight"

The Percival "Gull," 1935 model, photographed on test at Gravesend. It is the fastest standard three-seater for the owner-pilot, and much in demand as an air-taxi. The engine is a Gipsy

Trophy outright, and capped it with the world's supreme speed record. Apart from the personal success followed up by Rolls-Royce, we have taken little advantage of our superiority in design for speed, and the same pause to rest on our laurels is taking place to-day. Enterprise is essential to retain the advantages we possess. Only those who travel abroad can appreciate the security which is England. It cannot last unless we follow up our success—the air 's the thing, and we must establish a leadership for defence and for trade that will maintain our standards until some other crowd creates better ones. Hot air apart, this flying business is rather fun. It gets us round at no end of a speed. Twenty-five years ago a Frenchman made the first flight by seaplane; somebody actually flew over the Alps; Robert Loraine crossed the Irish Sea, and Grahame-White won the Gordon Bennett Cup, flying at sixty miles an hour. To-day we can fly all over England, to every capital city in Europe, to India, Australia, and the Cape, by regular air-liners cruising at not less than 100 miles an hour. Bradshaw for the air takes two hundred pages to tell us where we can fly and what it costs. There are fifteen different air-line operating companies in the British Isles, excluding Imperial Airways. Railway Air Services is the biggest group, followed by Channel Islands Airways, which is controlled by Whitehall Securities, and Hillman's Airways, a public company. Typical return fares from London are as follows:—Paris, £7 15s.; Le Touquet, £5 5s.; Brussels, £6 16s.; Plymouth, £4 15s.; Cowes, £2 5s.; Glasgow, £10.

(Continued on page vi)

Patrolling the Trade Routes Charles E. Brown

The latest in flying-boats from Saunders-Roe, the firm that also builds motor-boats at Cowes. Our photograph shows the first of its type on test for the Air Ministry, which has ordered several for the R.A.F.

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• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

From the Instructor's Seat

By Nigel Tangye

Swaebe

Miss Rosemary Rees with her mother, the Hon. Lady Rees, starting off on a flight in her Miles "Hawk Major," an open two-seater which can be used for long-distance touring

THE old lady—I remember her well. Wednesdays and Saturdays she would have her lesson, at two-thirty, so that she could get back home comfortably in time for tea. There she would relate her thrilling experiences of the afternoon to her usual elderly guests, who anxiously awaited her arrival back from the flying field. Hers was usually my first lesson after the luncheon interval; and every three weeks or so I would see her, through my office window, prancing down the hill, not alone, as was her normal routine, but with some timid little person, who would gain first-hand evidence of her flying, and who would, at the tea-party afterwards, lend corroborative colour to her narrative. On these occasions I would go out to meet her with a flying helmet in my hands and say: "Do you feel like going solo to-day?" and always her answer would be the same—"That depends on you, Mr. Instructor." And the timid little person would gape in wonderment by her side. But she would never get any better, and she could never get any worse, and every lesson we would repeat the same ritual. And I would find it all very difficult.

However, she was only one of the many types that a civil flying instructor has to deal with. Unlike the R.A.F. instructor, who has as his pupils recruits who are physically, morally and mentally sound, the civil instructor has to cope with the young and the old, the timid and the self-confident, the short-sighted and the long-sighted, and even the blind, should they wish to test their wings. And all the time the flying instructor has to realise that upon his skill, patience, and encouragement, tempered with mercy, will depend not only the safety of his pupil, but also the safety of his pupil's future passengers. An instructor has, therefore, a much greater responsibility than a schoolmaster, or any other teacher, for that matter, who does not deal in a subject which spells danger as reprisal for slack instruction. Stringent supervision of instructors is exercised by flying clubs and schools in order to maintain the high standard of tuition that is obviously necessary. They are helped to a certain extent by the Air Ministry, who recently instituted a scheme whereby no pilot can instruct flying for financial reward without first passing a test of skill and being recommended for an Instructor's Certificate by an appointed examiner.

PERSONALITY plays its first important part in the initial meeting of pupil and instructor, for instinctively and immediately the pupil must be filled with confidence. Uppermost in his mind throughout the first lesson must the instructor bear the necessity

(Continued on page iv)

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HESTON AIRPORT ... „	9 25	11 55	2 10	4 25	6 55	10 55	4 25	6 55
Bembridge ... arr.	10 5	12 35	2 50	5 5	7 35	11 35	5 5	7 35
COWES ... ... „ (Somerton Aerodrome)	10 15	12 45	3 0	5 15	7 45	11 45	5 15	7 45
To LONDON								
COWES ... ... dep. (Somerton Aerodrome)	8 25	10 55	1 10	3 25	5 55	9 55	3 25	5 55
Bembridge ... dep.	8 35	11 5	1 20	3 35	6 5	10 5	3 35	6 5
Heston Airport... arr.	9 15	11 45	2 0	4 15	6 45	10 45	4 15	6 45
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• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

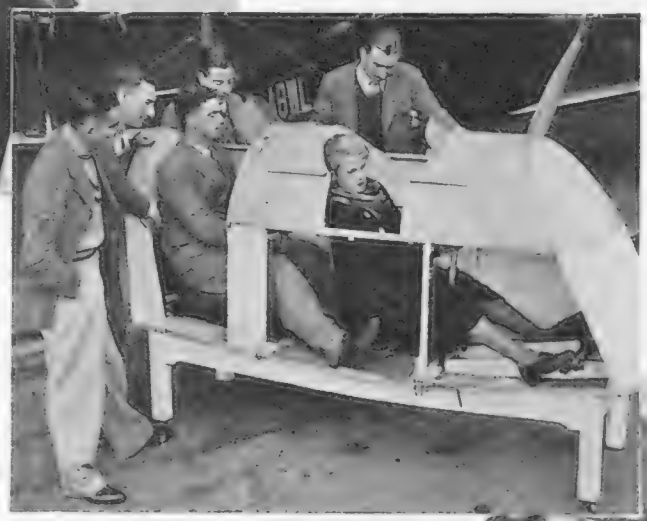
Pupil and Instructor

From the Instructor's Seat

(*Continued from page* ii

Left: Lady Helen Stewart, daughter of Lord Londonderry, at Heston with Captain V. H. Baker, chief instructor and also local air "cop"

Below: learning to fly on the ground. Pupils at Brooklands are given instruction with the controls before they go in the air



Pull the Little Lever!

for avoiding all possible suggestion of danger. And this is not so easy as it sounds, for a pilot with thousands of hours of safe flying behind him is more than liable to forget that the pupil on his first flight finds in every minute of it fresh adventure. The instructor flies as smoothly as possible, and does very gentle turns, and all the while speaks in as nonchalant a manner as possible down the voice-tube, telling his pupil what he is going to do and why he is going to do it. Surprise and anxiety, two emotions that breed fear, are in this way avoided.

Modern psycho-analysis has shown the immense influence that the surroundings and upbringing of a child have on the development of its character throughout its adult life. In exactly the same way, the first few lessons of a flying pupil are of vital importance, as they have great bearing on his subsequent skill and dependability. The necessity for the instructor to treat each succeeding pupil with patience and care, studying the reactions of each one individually is therefore obvious. But although it may be obvious, it is not always an easy matter for the instructor to do so. He is only human, and by the time his tenth pupil in one day has arrived for his les on, the strain of repetition is beginning to tell on his temper. In the early days of flying, when not much importance was attached to the psychological aspect, instructors would indulge gloriously in the release of a rich flow of invective. Now things have changed, and rarely does one hear a pupil speak of the irascibility of his master, a fact which is remarkable, for no one who has not been an instructor can ever imagine how exasperating a human being can be in the air.

SLACKNESS on the part of a pupil has to be instantly checked, and if such slackness occurs in circumstances which court danger, its importance must be imprinted on the pupil's mind, to prevent any chance of repetition. A few curt, succinct remarks by the instructor that convey a certain amount of annoyance are not out of place in such a situation, but the individual temperament has to be the deciding factor in the instructor's mind. On no account must he be sarcastic, for sarcasm is more responsible than anything else for giving a pupil an inferiority complex. But although such a complex must be avoided at all costs, equally so must one of superiority be checked by the instructor if it shows itself in the pupil. Too much confidence in an unskilled pilot makes him blind to the pitfalls that await him at a sign of carelessness; and this balance between the two extremes is one of the most delicate factors that the instructor has to control.

The usual type of aircraft that is used for training purposes is an open-cockpit machine with the two cockpits placed in tandem. The only connection between pilot and instructor is by voice-tube. It is this isolation of the pupil from his guide and mentor that may make the work of the instructor one of difficulty. His voice is his only method of contact. With it, he must convey encouragement, caution, confidence or guidance. Anyone who has broadcast a Talk on the wireless knows how paralysing it is when one first realises that the use of facial expression and gesture is irrevocably denied one. Their value and the assistance they give to speech are not appreciated until such an event is experienced. In the same way, the flying instructor's work must be carried out without the aid of the friendly grin, the eyebrows raised in surprise, or the shake of the head to indicate an error. The reader will fully appreciate this if he should speak to himself with very clear enunciation, and imagine himself to be the pupil listening to his voice. If what he says is gentle reproof, or even commendation, he will find it extremely difficult to convey crisply and clearly without a false meaning.

THE greatest responsibility that assails the instructor is when his pupil is ready to go on his first solo flight. Throughout his training the pupil is being prepared for this important adventure, and quite apart from his flying skill, the instructor has been directing his mind along a safe channel between the necessity for self-confidence and the absence of over-confidence that will ensure his being filled with adequate caution. On rare occasions the pupil funks it when he sees the instructor climb out of the front seat and he realises that the time for his first flight alone has come. He tells the instructor that he does not think that he is yet quite skilled enough. It is at such a moment that the brain of the instructor has to work like lightning. In an instant of time, and without betraying any anxiety, he must decide whether to allow the pupil to have his way, and thus possibly injure his morale, or whether to send him off regardless of the fear that may make risky the flight, which, if successful, will prove the perfect tonic to his nervous charge. It is a responsibility which occasionally has to be faced.

The civilian instructor has to possess another attribute, which is encountered in other walks of life all too rarely. He has to have tact. His pupils are men and women who have paid to learn to fly, and he therefore has to blend the discipline of a schoolmaster with the humility of a club servant. Finally, his patience must be considerable, because his pupils are likely to range from the short-sighted of over fifty, with no mechanical sense whatsoever, to conceited and over-confident youths, of little education, who think that the fortunes their fathers have made excuse them from the desirability of being well-mannered.

"Absque sudore et labore nullum opus perfectum est"—if you know what I mean

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Dr. Hamblin Thomas, who flies at Heston, with Captain B. A. Davy standing by. Heston is the owner-pilot's airport for London, besides being the terminal for many commercial air lines

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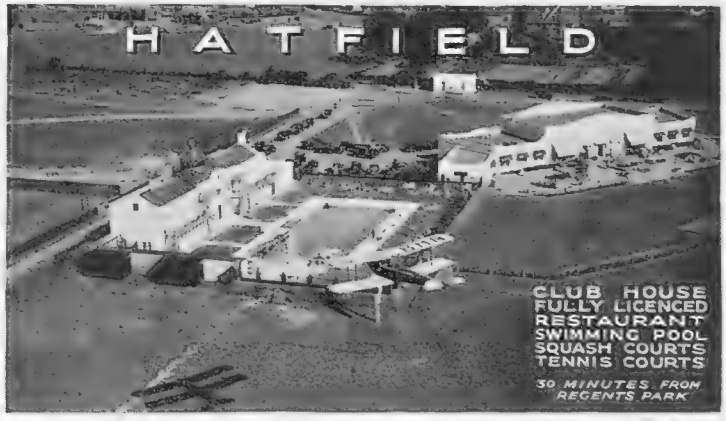

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• To-day in the Air: The "Bystander's" Special Flying Section

Everywhere — At Any Time — By Air

(Continued from page 232)

Left: Mrs. Maxine Miles is her husband's partner in the business of designing aeroplanes—her particular job is the calculation of stresses, but she is also a pilot. Between them they have produced the "Hawk," the "Falcon" and the "Merlin"

Miles and Partner

The Hillman Line

Major J. R. McCrindle, O.B.E., M.C., who was in charge of air transport for the R.A.F. in Paris during the Peace Conference, has been appointed managing director of Hillman's Airways. The Company operates lines to Paris, to Northern Ireland and Scotland

Three Aces

From left to right: H. L. Brook, who flew home from Australia in record time, piloting a Miles "Falcon"; Sir Alan Cobham, a pioneer on the Australian route, and C. W. A. Scott, several times a record-holder, and the winner of the MacRobertson Trophy, with Campbell Black, flying a de H. "Comet"

"The Liner—She's a Lady"

THE air-liner of to day is a thing of beauty, streamlined to gain every possible mile. Pictures tell the story better than words, but there are many 'planes not illustrated on these pages that are familiar to those who fly. Imperial Airways still maintain the British preference for the biplane. As a rule, it is more comfortable in bad weather than the monoplane, and, in fact, there is nothing more luxurious on the air routes than the "Heracles" type that carries us to the Continent, or the "Scipio" flying-boats that cross the Mediterranean. Smaller and faster 'planes are being used on new services. The de Havilland "Diana" class is on the Brindisi route and to Budapest—also from Singapore to Brisbane. It cruises easily at 145 miles an hour, and sets the new standard for speed to which all schedules will be adjusted as more modern 'planes join the fleet. On the shorter routes it is the "Dragon" which has made them pay. Hillman's used them and others followed. The Southern Railway remains faithful to its Spartan "Cruisers," which operate from Heston to the Isle of Wight; whilst P.S. and I.O.W.A.—of which Sir Alan Cobham is now chairman—are about to use Airspeed "Envoys" over the same route. New companies have a wide choice, for many manufacturers are paying attention to the commercial market. There is the Short "Scion," possibly the most economical of the smaller twin-engined aircraft. It is in regular use as a ferry between Rochester and Southend, and several are on order for foreign parts, including a larger type with four engines. United Airways, a new company just started to operate from London to Blackpool, and also from Carlisle and Glasgow to the Isle of Man, is using the Dragon "Rapide," the speed model with tapered wings. We have no "Douglas," but it will come when traffic offers and passengers are prepared to pay the price for 200 miles an hour or more.

Private Tourers and Air-Taxis

THE British light 'plane has set a fashion which others find hard to follow. It all started with the Moth, an open two-seater, easy to fly and comparatively cheap to buy. Somebody put a lid on the Moth and we had a coupé. Now there are dozens of 'planes, both open and closed, for the private owner and the air taximan. Most of the clubs and schools use Moths, but there are others, notably the B.2 Trainer—a development of the Blackburn "Bluebird," with that friendly side-by-side seating arrangement which should have become standardised long ago. Aircraft Exchange and Mart use the B.2 Trainer at Hanworth, which is also the home aerodrome of the Hendy "Heck," a fast three-seater for the private owner, and the Monospar, a twin-engined de luxe cabin for four. Klemms are built at Hanworth, the "Swallow," an open tourer that is particularly easy and safe to fly, and the "Eagle," one of the smartest, fastest, and, above all, cheapest in the three-seater cabin class. Of the new types, those created during the last three or four years, the birds of prey from Woodley—"Hawks," "Falcons," and "Merlins"—have been conspicuously successful. One other make noted for speed is the Percival "Gull," built at Gravesend, and much favoured as a taxi by Fleet Street and Wardour Street when pictures and films are needed in a hurry. As for the engines, the Gipsy heads the list, being used in every light 'plane that has not been specially designed for a radial engine. The cost of flying is still the same—about 3d. per passenger mile by taxi and the equivalent of running a 25-h.p. car to the private owner. It is difficult to see how it can be reduced, except by gradual stages. More aerodromes, making flying more useful, followed by the production of aeroplanes en masse will reduce the capital cost, whilst refinements in design will put up the speed and therefore give more miles for the same money.

Airports and Plain Aerodromes

THEY look alike, but an airport has the distinction of housing the Customs. Croydon, Heston, Gravesend, Stapleford Abbots, and Portsmouth are Customs airports. Airports may be owned by the State, such as that at Croydon; by a private company, such as Airwork, controlling Heston; or by a municipality, such as Portsmouth. Of the three, private ownership has proved the most progressive. Heston is the most up-to-date airport in the country, and in many ways is a model which others might well copy. It has been planned on a big scale, with a place for everything and everything in its right order. The latest lighting equipment is now being installed to give service for aircraft day and night without pause. There is still a flying school at Heston, but the real business of the airport is as a terminal for air lines to all parts of the country, to the Channel Islands and the nearer Continental holiday resorts, and as a base for air-taxis and for owner-pilots who use the place as a garage. Portsmouth is probably the finest example of a municipal airport, well sited to serve the city—being but three miles out—having a landing area large enough for all types, and a surface as near perfection as one could desire. Portsmouth is an air junction and the home aerodrome of the Airspeed "Courier" and "Envoy." Altogether there are more than 200 aerodromes in the British Isles, though many belong to the R.A.F. and may not be used by civil pilots except in emergency. At most of the club grounds there are facilities for sport other than flying—squash and tennis courts, with swimming at Hatfield and Hamble. The latter aerodrome is the headquarters of Air Service Training, our air university, which houses students from all parts of the world. For Londoners there is the College of Aeronautical Engineering, with its flying base at Brooklands, and de Havillands run a technical school quite separate from the school of flying at Hatfield The cheapest way of learning to fly is to join the nearest Flying Club, of which there are more than 30 in different parts of the country. Gliding is going strong at a few centres, notably on Dunstable Downs.

(Continued on page vii)

Everywhere — At Any Time — By Air

(Continued from page vi)

Events and Achievements

IN flying, every record is the result of team-work to a greater degree than in any other form of sport. Scott could not have won the MacRobertson Trophy without his mate, Campbell Black; Amy Mollison tells us that the engine was wonderful; others fit and forget K.L.G. Everything down to the smallest split-pin is important when some great flight or race is in progress. The contribution to progress made by the petrol and oil companies is immense, though the benefits of their research for aviation are passed on to other users. Few races are won without Castrol in the engine, whilst "Esso" and Shell divide the honours for petrol. "Esso" is standard throughout the Continent, and Shell is the fuel on the Empire air routes. The company maintains service for aviators throughout Africa, and at most airports of call between Egypt and Australia. Air touring is becoming simpler for those who know the ropes—others should join the Royal Aero Club or the A.A., two organisations which work together for the benefit of those who want to fly abroad. Frontiers are still littered with prohibited areas, corridors of entry and Customs houses, and these will remain as obstacles to peaceful travel as long as men fear war. In actual fact, air power may bring peace to the world, for the amazing speed of attack is only equalled by that of reprisal, so people will think a long time before courting a disaster similar to that which they could inflict. Our Air Force is second to none as regards quality, but still considerably under strength numerically. This state of affairs cannot last, for we have interests covering a wider area than any other nation, and we need air power to protect those interests. Empire Air Day, on May 25th, and the R.A.F. Display, on June 29th, are the two high spots in the flying calendar for 1935.

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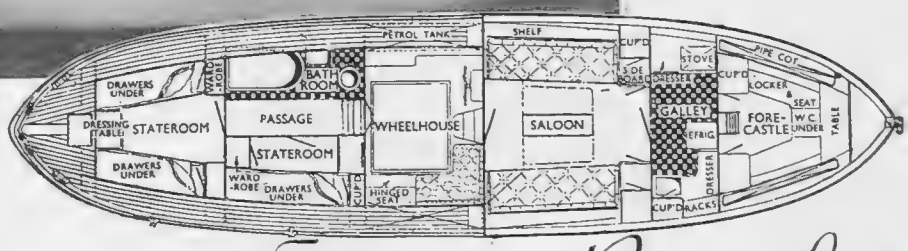

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Easter Holiday Golf—

Mrs. Stephen Cannon and Mrs. McGuffie on their way to the eighteenth. Mrs. Cannon's youngest sister is Mrs. Leonard Ropner, the wife of the Yorkshire M.P.

Women's Golf:

County Complications

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Rennie and Mrs. A. C. Sharwood were two more golfers who played their Easter rounds this side of the Channel

—at Prince's, Sandwich

These two setting out after their first drives are Mrs. Monins and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold. Sandwich was very full over Easter, and weather not unpleasant

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THAT title has nothing to do with the first part of what there is to tell you this week. The Lancashire Championship was a splendid, straightforward affair, having the great good fortune to be played over the men's course at Formby, with the ladies' in waiting for the handicap events. Happy, indeed, is the county with such courses to welcome them, and there are some who say that the ladies' course is every bit as good as the men's. Mind you, I am not risking my reputation by endorsing or refuting that statement, for I have not played over the ladies' course at Formby since its re-formation under the wonderful leadership of Miss Harley, but I do hear great things of it.

Apart from the courses, the championship was successful because it showed that there are new players coming to the fore. The Carr Scratch Challenge Medal for the best eighteen holes and the scratch aggregate over 36 both went to an entirely new discovery, Miss L. B. Clark, from Silverdale. Her 82 in the morning was really fine going, and an eye must certainly be kept on her in the future, while we learn not to confuse her with Miss D. I. Clark, whose services to Lancashire are of long standing. The new discovery met her Waterloo in the semi-final by 5 and 4 at the hands of Miss J. D. Firth, but she in turn was beaten 3 and 2 by Miss W. M. Berry. Miss Berry made a habit of beating previous holders, for Mrs. Soulby was her victim in the first round, after taking her to the last green. Even further went the next match, for Miss Berry played twenty holes to beat Mrs. W. P. Scott. That she finished off those tie holes 4, 4, 3 says something for the quality of her golf. Her semi-final win was 2 and 1 from Miss W. Brown.

MIDLAND Foursomes had a terrible buffeting as to weather at Cavendish; BYSTANDER experiences at Ganton were absolutely as nothing to what competitors had to battle through in Derbyshire. It speaks well for the stamina, as well as the golf, of Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Bridget Newell, the Ganton runners-up, that they came through and this time won, beating Mrs. Hardicker and Mrs. Whitfield 5 and 4 in the final.

I SEEM to be putting off the complications of the counties till the last. Certainly it is an involved position in the South-Eastern division (southern sub-division).

Hampshire, you remember, started the season with a flourish, beating Surrey 5 to 2. Surrey, having beaten Kent by the same margin, were a trifle taken aback thereby, and expectations of Hampshire coming right through were freely voiced. Then Hampshire went down to Sussex one day at North Hants, trounced them the next day at Goodwood, only to be beaten the next again by Middlesex at Hendon. Surrey had beaten Middlesex; Sussex had already been beaten by Middlesex, and have since lost to Surrey; Surrey, meanwhile, went down to Kent at The Wildernesse, and Kent went down twice to Middlesex at Addington. The upshot of all this is to leave Middlesex with four wins and one loss up to date; Surrey with three wins and two losses; Hampshire with two wins and two losses; Kent with one win and three losses.

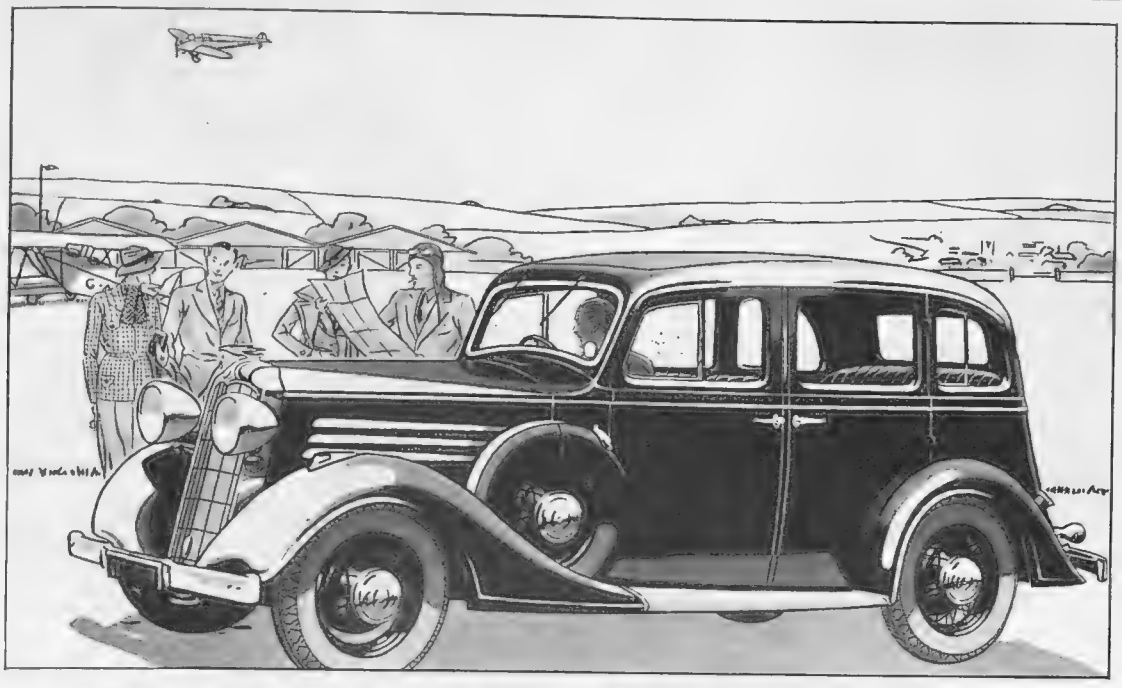
If you don't want to cudgel your brains, take it from me that everything is in the melting-pot, and anybody might win, though some people are now picking Middlesex.

BUT Mrs. Clarke, and a good many other county players, too, are not satisfied that the pot is going to be kept boiling up to the last minute, as all championship pots should be. She wants the scoring in the county championship to give greater incentive to every player in every county to go on playing and trying up to the very last—a desirable end which is not always achieved under the present system, when a win by the odd match is just as good as one by the whole seven, and a county which has been thrice beaten is sometimes tempted to chuck up the sponge.

Her scheme is that, instead of merely counting two points for the side's win, the winner should take in addition one point for each individual game won: the losing county would score one for each individual game won, but nothing, of course, for the match. There really is a great deal to commend it. First ideas were for individual wins alone to count, but when the matter was gone into arithmetically it was found that A might lose all his matches and still head the division if B, C, and the rest, though winning the majority, indulged in a couple of thumping defeats. Hence the addition of points for a win, evolved in concert with Mrs. Lewis Smith over tea at the Middlesex v. Hants match. Mrs. Lewis Smith, of course, knows more about county golf than anybody; I am not sure how far she went in approving Mrs. Clarke's scheme as a whole, but she was very definite—as I am—that we could not have any loophole by which the perpetual loser should yet appear in the county finals.

NOT much space left to tell you what I have actually seen of these county matches. But I must mention the gallant way Miss Fishwick pulled back Miss Pam Barton's big lead at The Wildernesse and survived a counter-attack, to win one up with a great putt; the beauty of North Hants' greens and the unmitigated cruelty of their new eighth; the immense length of Hendon, its splendid condition, and the generosity of the club in putting the tees on their men's grass ones. Also how hard it is for Miss Phyllis Wade, with all the weight of holding the English championship upon her, to win against all and sundry who delight in having a shot at her. She is obviously rather stale at the minute, and a rest before Newcastle would do her a world of good.—Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



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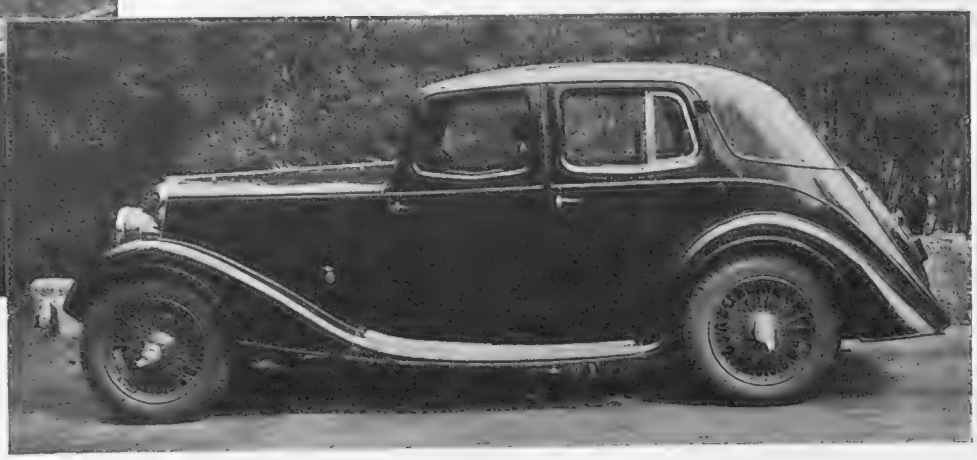

For many years the Riley has been a car of distinctive appearance, and the same may be said of the 1½-litre "Falcon," an attractive newcomer priced at £335

An excellent feature of this car is that, whereas the lines of the coachwork are distinctly modernistic, nothing freakish is involved, and all passengers are luxuriously seated

FOR a long time past it has been the sound policy of the Riley Company not to produce a brand-new model except when some really worth-while advance in design can be incorporated in it. I see that it is about four years now since this firm made its last great step forward. The arrival of the 1½-litre model in 1935 marks another such event—and an event it is, for this 12-h.p. car is, in my humble opinion, something very much out of the ordinary run of motoring productions.

The four-cylinder engine, for instance, is a most remarkable little unit. One often speaks of a small engine "running like a dynamo"; but in this case the comparison is real, not fanciful. It achieves very high "revs" with exceptional smoothness, and it is the literal truth to say that it seems to run better and better as the speed increases. It hums along very happily at 50 m.p.h., remains smooth and quiet at 60 m.p.h., and shows no trace of "flurry" even at 70 m.p.h.—the approximate maximum.

In third gear, no less than 55 m.p.h. can be reached, and it is only when this figure is exceeded that the valve-gear begins to be audible. The gear-box is of the pre-selective variety, and is therefore entirely crash-proof. A good point is that the gear lever quadrant has deeply indented notches, so that there need be no fumbling between one ratio and the next.

Control is still further simplified by the use of an automatic clutch between the engine and gear-box. This means that, if desired, the car can be started from a standstill in third or even top gear, and will move off quite easily and smoothly. The automatic operation of this clutch is exceptionally efficient, for the "slip" which occurs at ultra-low speeds is taken up both rapidly and unobtrusively. For example, using top gear only, one can reach 30 m.p.h. from a standing start in under twenty seconds—which, with a 12-h.p. engine, strikes me as remarkable.

This 1½-litre model has, of course, many traditional Riley virtues, in addition to its more novel features. Thus, the coachwork is very distinctive in appearance, while permitting absolute comfort to the passengers. Deep foot-wells play a useful part in this respect. Road-holding is notably good, and the springing is better than ever—being adequately firm and yet quite soft at the lower speeds.

The steering is very light and pleasant, while definite enough to give the driver perfect confidence. The brakes are of ample power, and yet always smooth in their action. Permanent jacks are a standard fitting, and will greatly add to the owner-driver's convenience.

One's chief memory of this Riley, however, is not merely that it is attractive and comfortable. It is also definitely a fast car. It gives plenty of speed; and the speed can be used by an average driver with complete ease and assurance. First and last, it is as remarkable a motor-car as the Riley Company has ever given us.

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House, from May 6th.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

LA CENERENTOLA: to-night, 8.15.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE: May 2nd, 6.30.

DAS RHEINGOLD: May 3rd, 8.30.

DIE WALKÜRE: May 6th, 5.45.

LA CENERENTOLA: May 7th, 8.15.

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

DIE FLEDERMAUS: to-night, 8.

THE MAGIC FLUTE: May 2nd, 8.

FAUST. With full ballet: May 3rd, 8.

LES SYLPHIDES, LES RENDEZVOUS, JOB: May 4th, 2.30.

EUGENE ONEGIN: May 4th, 8.

LE LAC DES CYGNES: May 7th, 8.30.

MUSIC

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Bruno Walter conducts the first concert; Felix Weingartner the second; Vera de Villiers is the singer: Queen's Hall, May 1st and May 7th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurant Extension Nights

(Cabaret details under "London Nights").

BLUE TRAIN: Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS: Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS: Wednesday.

CARLTON: Tuesday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE: Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S: Wednesday.

SAN MARCO: Wednesday.

In the Ballrooms

SPRING BALL.—In aid of Mothers' Clinic, Whitfield Street: Claridge's, May 2nd.

BIG BEN BALL.—In aid of Conservative and Unionist Films Association: Grosvenor House, May 2nd.

JUBILEE BALL.—Fancy dress; in aid of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation: Albert Hall, May 6th.

SPORT

RACING.—Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas: Newmarket, May 1st—3rd.

Victoria Cup: Hurst Park, May 4th.

Royal Silver Jubilee Handicap: Kempton Park, May 6th.

MOTOR RACING. — International 250 Miles Race: Brooklands, May 6th.

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

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OVER two hundred years ago, in the year 1730, one of London's well-known firms of perfumers, J. Floris, 89, Jermyn Street, was founded by John Floris, and, ever since, different members of the same family have controlled the business. The premises occupied to-day are the same as those in which the business was first started, and it is interesting to note that, in the directories of 1801, the firm is referred to as comb-makers to H.M. the King and to H.M. the Queen.

Floral Perfumes

FROM the very beginning, the House of Floris have specialised in floral perfumes, and in selecting these, great care has been taken to preserve that freshness and purity which is characteristic of real flowers. This is by no means easy, as floral perfumes in their perfect form cannot be secured year after year with unfailing regularity. It is a well-known fact that women throughout the ages have adopted perfume as a means of enhancing their charm, and one great merit about floral perfumes is that they can never strike a discordant note. With every season, however, there are certain perfumes which are more in harmony than others. The scent of English violets, for instance, immediately conjures up visions of spring and woods carpeted with wild violets.

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The "Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(12th Year)

at Moray G.C. (Lossiemouth), JUNE 4 to 7, 1935

Holders: MRS. STUART and MISS E. TWEEDIE.

Entries close Thursday, May 16th. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 16th.

MORAY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 16th, 1935. The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Moray, June 4th, 1935, and following days.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Moray with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after May 31st to her at Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth. Telephone: 11 Lossiemouth.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth* (adjoining the club-house), where the special terms for competitors will be 12s. per day inclusive of full board, baths, afternoon tea, and after-dinner coffee.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Moray on June 4th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MAY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Betty Lister

Is engaged to Bryan Arthur Roberts, Nigerian Administrative Service, elder son of Sir Arthur and Lady Roberts, of Courthope House, Wimbledon; she is the daughter of the late Capt. G. A. Lister, and lives at Sloane Avenue Mansions, Chelsea

Bassano

Magdalen Colville

Is the only daughter of the late Hugh Ker Colville, and Mrs. Colville, of Bowden Hall, Gloucester; she is engaged to R. W. Skirving, only son of Robert Skirving of Cobairdy, Aberdeenshire, and Mrs. Skirving, of Rocombe, Torquay

Tunbridge

Fiona MacPherson

Is engaged to Peter Runge, son of J. J. Runge, of Kippington Court, Sevenoaks, and Mrs. Runge, M.P. for Rotherhithe; she is the elder daughter of Sir Ian MacPherson, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, and Lady MacPherson, of 15, Wellington Square, S.W.3

Yvonne Gregory

Mrs. Mona Husband

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. B. Mullins, of Ambersham House, Midhurst, Sussex; is engaged to Amyas E. G. Baring, son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Guy Baring, and Mrs. Baring, of Forbury, Kintbury, Berks

Bertram Park

Mary Spring Rice

Is the only daughter of the late Sir Cecil Spring Rice, and Lady Spring Rice; her wedding to Oswald Raynor Arthur, H.M. Colonial Service (Nigeria), son of the late Sigismund Raynor Arthur, I.C.S., is to take place on May 8th

Lenare

Mary De Pree

Is engaged to Reginald G. S. Hobbs, Royal Artillery, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. R. F. A. Hobbs, of Sutton-Veny, Wilts; she is the daughter of Maj.-Gen. H. De Pree, and the late Mrs. De Pree, of Beckley, Susser

Bassano

Lesbia Cochrane

Is engaged to Brian Gooch, second son of Sir Thomas Gooch, Bt., of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Heywood, of Glevering Park, Suffolk; she is their only child

Hay Wrightson

Bess Huddleston

Above: Bess Huddleston is the daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Huddleston, of Auchengare, Rhu, Dumbartonshire; she is marrying Francis Henderson, son of J. F. Henderson, of Glenfenlan, Shandon, Dumbartonshire, on June 10th, at Rhu Parish Church

Lenare

Monica Heywood

Is engaged to Brian Gooch, second son of Sir Thomas Gooch, Bt., of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Heywood, of Glevering Park, Suffolk; she is their only child

Bertram Park

Vera Selby

Is the daughter of Sir Walford Selby, the British Minister in Vienna; her wedding is to be on June 6th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Rupert Howe Bromley, Grenadier Guards

Lenare

Cynthia Selby-Bigge

Is engaged to Geoffrey Coode-Adams, only son of the late Sir John and Lady Coode-Adams; she is the second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. L. Selby-Bigge, of the Crescent, Ripon, Yorks

Above, left: Lesbia Cochrane is the daughter of Arthur W. S. Cochrane, Clarenceux King of Arms, and Mrs. Cochrane, of Melbury Cottage, Melbury Road, W.14; she is engaged to A. J. D. Winnifrith, son of the late Rev. Bertram Winnifrith, Rector of Ightham, in Kent

Garstang—Garrick

Eustace Garstang, only son of Professor John Garstang, D.Sc., LL.D., and Mrs. Garstang, of Thornbury, Formby, Lancs, and Peggy Garrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Garrick, of Little Denshot, Leigh, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's, Newdigate, Surrey

Burdon-Cooper—Farquharson

R. H. Burdon-Cooper, son of Dr. and Mrs. Burdon-Cooper, of Comrie, Perthshire, and Anna Farquharson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, of Radlett, Herts, leaving St. Columba's, Pont Street, where they were married just before Easter

Beevor—Gilliatt

Miles Beevor, of Parkside, Welwyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Beevor, of Framingham Pigot, Norwich, and Sybil Gilliatt, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. B. Gilliatt, of the Manor House, Welwyn, were married at St. Mary's, Welwyn

Angus—Twist

Drummond D. Angus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moray Angus, of Chart Cottage, Westerham, Kent, and Rhona Twist, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Twist, of Coventry, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Mortimer—Maxsted

Ralph Mortimer, Northumberland Fusiliers, eldest son of Sir Ralph and Lady Mortimer, of Milbourne Hall, Northumberland, married Pamela Maxsted, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Maxsted, of the Dower House, South Cave, Yorks, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Collins—Palmer

Laurance Havelock Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Collins, of The Gable, Berkhamsted, and Mary Helen Palmer, daughter of Lady (Frederick) Palmer, of Crowhurst Place, Lingfield, Surrey, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Dyall—Stonor

Valentine Dyall, son of Franklin Dyall, the well-known actor, of 57, Glebe Place, and Marjorie Stonor, daughter of the late Hon. Maurice Stonor, and Mrs. Francome-Painter, were married at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea

Miller—Clarke

Cyril T. Miller and Vera Beryl Clarke leaving St. Clement Dane's, Strand, after their pre-Easter wedding, under a Jubilee bridal arch of scaffolding as the stands were being put up for the procession on May 6th

Corbett—Sparks

Arthur Swan Corbett, R.H.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Swan Corbett, of Oakhurst, Woodhay, Berks, and Jocelyn Sparks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sparks, of Heytesbury, Wilts, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A new comedy by N. C. Hunter, with Ronald Squire, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion.

AND A WOMAN PASSED BY.—By Vernon Sylvaine, with Ion Swinley as an unfaithful husband, Kathleen O'Regan as his wife: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The play in its entirety is to be done three times a week: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.), Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd 's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, from May 3rd.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The historical burlesque that broke Birmingham records comes to London, with Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man, Clarice Hardwicke: Strand, 8.30.

TOVARITCH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugenie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City impostor who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Franco Foresta as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S GO GAY.—An intimate revue, with Rex Evans as compère, Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Richard Goolden: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phylis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale, and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and Hermione Baddeley and Joyce Barbour as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for lowbrows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—A comedy thriller with Jack Melford, Marcelle Rogez, Mabel Poulton, Raymond Lovell: Winter Garden, 8.15.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE CO-OPTIMISTS.—Davy Burnaby, Albert Burdon, Harry Milton, Olive Groves and Vera Lennox are in this revival: Palace, May 1st.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—The new Ivor Novello show, with Mary Ellis, Trefor Jones, Barry Jones, Lyn Harding: Drury Lane, May 2nd.

THE SKIN GAME.—The second play of the Galsworthy Festival; Olga Lindo as Chloe: Playhouse, May 2nd.

SHALL WE REVERSE?—Another musical comedy, with Robert Hale, Edward Cooper, Sydney Fairbrother, Queenie Leonard: Comedy, May 3rd.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—Jack Buchanan as a trapezist, June Clyde, Ivy St. Helier, are in this circus musical comedy: Alhambra, May 4th.

STEVEDORE.—Paul Robeson is the stevedore in this American success: Embassy, May 6th.

GAY MASQUERADE.—A Hungarian musical play, with Jeanne Aubert, Tom Burke and Hugh Wakefield: Princes, May 7th.

CINEMAS

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.—Jack Buchanan's musical comedy, with Lili Damita and Nancy O'Neil as decorations: Marble Arch Pavilion.

BRIGHT EYES.—Little Shirley Temple's new film, with James Dunn to look after her: Regal.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

IMITATION OF LIFE.—Claudette Colbert and Rochelle Hudson as a mother and daughter, in the film of Fanny Hirst's novel: Capitol.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

MICKEY MOUSE.—A Mickey and Silly Symphony programme for the holidays: Tatler.

LES MISÉRABLES.—Charles Laughton once more superb as detective Javert; Fredric March plays Jean Valjean effectively enough: Tivoli.

MISSISSIPPI.—Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, and Joan Bennett are in this film: Plaza.

THE MORALS OF MARCUS.—Lupe Velez and Ian Hunter play lead in the film version of Locke's novel. Also KING OF HEARTS, with Cedric Hardwicke and Marie Glory: New Gallery.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG KING.—Emil Jannings as Frederick the Great's father, in a fine historical film: Curzon.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

SON AUTRE AMOUR.—Two eight-year-olds, Emanuel Roncier and Colette Borelli, are the stars of this interesting film: Academy.

WEST POINT OF THE AIR.—A new flying thriller, with Wallace Beery, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, and hundreds of aeroplanes: Empire.

(*Continued on page* xi)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

FOR once in a way, London natives—most pandered-to inhabitants of any capital in the world—may be taken for granted. Not only for them are the restaurants putting on their best, preparing their rarest foods and most indigestible sauces, and searching for original and startling cabarets. No; it 's the eagerly-expected flow of Jubilee visitors who are the important people this season. And it is with the idea of finding something to please their collective eye and palate that the restaurants must be given a look-over this month.

Grosvenor House

LET 's start in Park Lane, where, no doubt, our visiting out-and-abouter will pass an evening or two. He 'll find some ravishing beauties among the new Monte Carlo Follies, who have been here three weeks. Some of the sixteen, like Betty Sundmark, Dolores Grant, Rosalie Fromson, got a start by dancing here before, but the new ones can catch up all right; Monte Carlo taught them how to be successful. The girls' big moment, as far as their male admirers are concerned, is in the last number, when he who will may go up on the stage and waltz with the girl of his fancy. And, what 's more, have the final curtain come down with him on the right side of it—though he 's soon put back where he belongs, among the audience. The best of the other turns are "Les Four Merveilles," a quartet of acrobatic dancers. The girl flies through the air with the greatest ease and grace as the three young men throw her further and further and faster and faster from one to another.

Jubilee night here—as in most other restaurants—will be grand and gala, with presents from the management to the girl friend. This is one of the many places where tables should be booked in advance for that evening. A new version of the show is planned to start on May 16th.

Sasha

The Monte Carlo Follies at Grosvenor House

Felix Ferry's latest batch of girls doing their Savage Rhythm number. They came straight to London from Monte Carlo last month, and are being a knock-out success

Cross and Dunn

The new couple of American singers, who are coming to the Café de Paris straight from New York; their opening night coincides with the Jubilee Gala next Monday. They are reported to be very amusing and clever at their job

Cafe de Paris

FROM Park Lane to Leicester Square is a nice taxi-able distance for two, or for four—in two taxis; and two or four is the right-sized party for the Café de Paris. It 's a good place pour le flirt, though quite why it 's hard to say, unless because it 's such fun for the people on the balcony to watch a couple making good running with each other down below.

It 's been going a long time, has the Café de Paris, having opened under that name in 1924. For most of its eleven years it has been one of *the* places to eat and dance, and during the last two or three years its Wednesday extension nights have become positively famous. It 's a sure bet on a score of the most-photographed faces in London being here that night, and other evenings are nearly as amusing, if a little less crowded.

Besides being an excellent point of vantage whence to analyse the goings-on below, or the styles of entry down the famous stairs, beloved of confident debutantes, the balcony is good in itself for supper and dancing if one is not changed.

With the Jubilee gala night coincides the opening night of Cross and Dunn, a new couple from New York, who sing songs with snap or sentiment, according to their mood.

Quaglino's

"QUAG'S" always seems to be, in a way, the Café de Paris's opposite number. "Opposite" is right, for, except that at both places one can feed and dance and see much the same faces, they are as unalike as chalk and its proverbial phrase-mate. But it 's necessary to have been to both to have "done" London's night life.

Habitués have by now seen and admired

"Downstairs at Quaglino's"

A sketch of the Grill at Quaglino's, which, like the restaurant, has been redecorated and is cooled by the same automatic ventilation system

Quaglino's new décor. It 's so good; he planned the whole thing himself, and is much to be congratulated. If he ever deprived the restaurateur business of his talents, he could soon turn himself into a successful interior decorator. He has spent several thousand pounds on the job, which has included the installation of a "summer-cooling" automatic ventilation system, the first of its kind in a London restaurant. Both the restaurant and the grill have its pleasant open-air effect.

A word or two about the new colour-schemes. The entrance to the restaurant is very light and gay, all is red and white, with panels of white sycamore, and tables and chairs of the same wood. The mirrors, backed with bronze, that are the main feature of the restaurant, have made it seem much bigger, and downstairs in the grill the same effect of space has been achieved.

On Jubilee night, when there 's a special dinner and supper, the restaurant is to be all decked out with orchids and white flowers, which sounds attractive, if expensive. Walsh and Barker, the two Americans, will be entertaining, and there 'll be a special surprise turn at midnight.

From the Cotton Club to the Blue Train

Browning and Starr are the coloured singers from the Cotton Club who entertain at Sovrani's Blue Train; they have their race's talent for rhythm and harmony, and one af them plays the piano well

L'Apéritif

QUAGLINO'S "second string," along Jermyn Street, must be on our visitor's list as a non-music restaurant. It 's informal, but extremely sophisticated, and the food is very good, particularly things like hot lobster, omelettes, and equally informal but far from simple dishes. There are two head chefs here, as at "Quag's," but the presiding genius is Maître Louis, who divides his supervisory time between the two places.

Here also Quaglino has installed his new ventilation system.

The Carlton

THE "new Carlton" opened with a swing last night. The restaurant has been all redecorated, and is very attractive in its pale-green and gold summer dress. The band is Howard Jacobs'; he 's the brilliant saxophonist whose band used to make music at the Berkeley.

But it 's the cabaret that 's going to make people come once and again, as good cabarets do. Frank Covell has been all the round of the Paris boîtes and the Riviera haunts to collect his turns for the Carlton and the Ritz, and he has a very clear and confident eye for picking winners. For the Carlton he has brought over the Lecouna Cuban Boys from the Elite Club in Paris; they play a superb rumba and have dancers to match their savage Cuban rhythm. Jane Armstrong is here for the first time, also from Paris; she has had a cracking success at the Monte Cristo with her Marion Harris-ish songs. Her home town is

At the Bon Viveur

A late-dinner scene at the little club off Curzon Street; the kiosk cash-desk and the band of four in the gallery all help with its "boîte" atmosphere, half-Riviera, half-Parisian

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Hildegarde

This lovely blonde is at the Ritz, where she sings and plays the piano ; she was over here last autumn, and it 's nice that she 's come back to us from Paris

somewhere in America, and she 's brought plenty of personality away with her. Dinner time has a turn of its own, provided by one Ernest, one of those marathon dancers—well, he dances for fifteen minutes without stopping, and has two girls, Yvonne and Vilma, to step out with him, one after the other. This is the right sort of turn for diners : they can't concentrate seriously so early in the evening.

The Ritz

THE Ritz has been transformed, too, and has gone very intimate and Parisian, with its magnolia trees with lighted flowers growing up through the middle of the tables, and its new band. The latter has been specially formed by Louis Simmons to catch and hold the kind of atmosphere the decorations and the cabaret create. The show starts at midnight and goes on, with dancing between the turns, until around one-thirty. Another good idea, this, that 's sure to be imitated elsewhere.

Hildegarde, from Paris, tops the bill. She was at the Carlton last autumn, and everyone loved her then. She 's lovely to look at, sings charmingly, and plays the piano marvellously as well. " Intefatigable Charlie " (spelling and pronunciation equally unexpected) has been at the Knickerbocker Club in Monte Carlo, is Viennese, compères the show, and walks around the room and sings when it 's his turn to perform. And then there 's the coloured Marino Trio, from Cuba via Cannes. They sing in English, French, and Cuban, and know more about the rumba than they can tell.

The opening night here was on Monday, and it looks as if all that crowd who wander in for lunch and cocktails are going to be coming back pretty regularly in the evenings. As the room is small and only holds about half the tables that other places do, it 's a good thing to book beforehand, especially to get a table near those windows that look out on the Green Park.

Jane Armstrong

A new-to-England American who has just started singing songs at the Carlton ; she 's come over from Paris to do it

Blue Train

NOW we get back to Stratton Street, which Sovrani keeps well filled with traffic coming and going around his trio, the Blue Train restaurant, the grill, the Roundabout snack-bar.

He produces something new here every year, and this time it 's the grill he has been at. It is being enlarged and redecorated in a new and amusing style, and will be finished in time for the jubilations next week. This is another place for our visitor to remember when he doesn't want to change, but does want to dance. It has always been full since Sovrani opened it, and since its refurbishment is likely to be more popular than ever.

In the restaurant next door, Gerhardi's band plays, and at midnight or thereabouts Joan Browning and Henry Starr, a coloured pair from New York's Cotton

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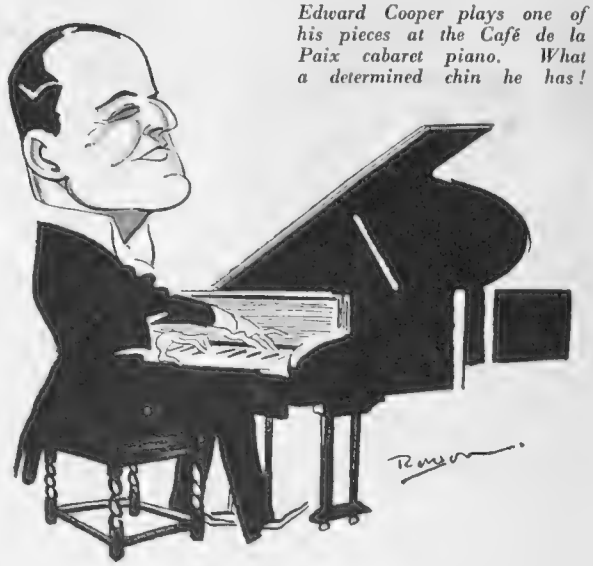

Edward Cooper plays one of his pieces at the Café de la Paix cabaret piano. What a determined chin he has!

Edward Cooper

Club, appear. They sing rather like Layton and Johnston, and do it very nicely. One of them plays the piano well; it 's a nice change to hear some really good syncopation again. There 'll be a special cabaret on the 6th to help make the evening gala.

The Blue Train has always been a particularly pleasant place, both for lunch and the evening outing, in the summer, with its big windows opening on the street to keep it cool.

The Bon Viveur

SOMEONE suggested " By their grape-fruit you shall know them " as a text for this paragraph. It 's no inaccurate observation, either, for a really good grape-fruit, well-cut and well-iced, is a certain sign that the courses to follow it will be of the same quality.

And here the food is of just that quality; the club has made its name and kept its large membership because of its cooking. It will be well worth coming to for the people who are in London for the summer; the subscription is not large and prices are not unreasonable. In any case, the visitor must insist on being brought here for a try-out.

Davico has made a speciality of working out appropriate menus for parties planned ahead. He had a Russian gathering to cater for the other day; they wanted to eat hot and cold food alternately for six or seven courses, and the menu arranged for them was an effective persuasion to go Slav for an evening.

How many people have noticed or can translate those cryptic letters " WYBMADIITY " over the door of the bar? They are said to mean: " Will you buy me a drink if I tell you? " Well, will you?

New Clarges Restaurant (Café Divan)

THIS is a *most* surprising place if one hasn't been here before. One 's liable to imagine that no one else will have, either; but not at all. All one's friends immediately say, when they are asked about it: " *Of course* I know it; I often go there." Anyway, here it is: the New Clarges Restaurant, a big, well-proportioned room, with the atmosphere of the sort of French restaurant that French people go to because they know about the food. And that 's why English people come here—because they know about the food. The chef, whose name is Bailly, has worked for Mr. Harwath, the charming and courtly proprietor, for eight years; before that he was at Ciro's, as was Binaco, the manager of the restaurant. The great

Binaco, of the New Clarges Restaurant

The manager of the New Clarges Restaurant at work, preparing his specialities, Poulard au Champagne, and Homard Maison

Lombart of Romano's

Lombart has been manager of the famous restaurant of the Strand for three years; he is an expert on food and the Bohemians of London

speciality of the house is fish—oysters, lobsters, moules, scallops, mullet, trout that can be chosen as they swim about in their tank, and a dozen more varieties, cooked in twice as many ways. The cellar is also famous. There are particularly good champagnes to be had at very moderate prices. In fact, prices, as a whole, both for food and wines, are by no means exorbitant.

The Cafe de la Paix

THE little Swallow Street restaurant is also putting on its best next week, with a gala night on Monday, and a special cabaret. It 's not really so very small, the Café de la Paix, although it gives the impression of intimacy. There is plenty of room to dance, and Clive Erard's band plays well.

During the last few months, any number of stage stars have got the habit of coming in to supper after their shows. Phyllis Monkman, Dorothy Dickson, and their *Stop Press* opposite numbers, Laurence Anderson and Edwin Styles, were together one night, and the *Char-a-Bang !* trio, Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, and Reginald Gardiner, came in soon after their revue opened.

At lunch time the place is always full, which is natural, for it 's cheerful, not expensive, and very get-at-able. Downstairs is Veerasawmy's, the Indian restaurant, which has been packed ever since its reopening a month or two back.

Romano's

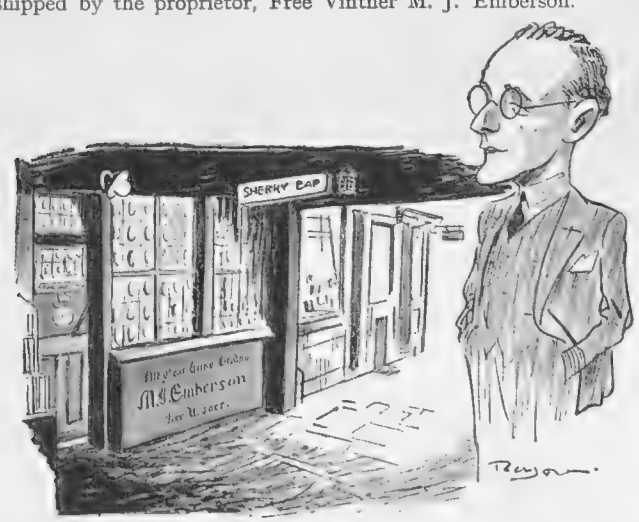
HERE we display to our visitor London's most authentic Bohemia, just as it ever was—the gilt, the mosaics, the great gold shell at the end of the room, the raised alcove seats along one side. It is impossible to guess who might be sitting in those alcoves—members of the Jockey Club, actresses, journalists, business men, young subalterns, or a débutante seeing life. The Stage, the Turf, and Fleet Street gave Romano's its character, the young bloods of Edwardian days giving their chorus girls a champagne supper built up the tradition, and now everyone and anyone at one time or another escapes here from the West End into a fuller-blooded atmosphere.

Lombart is the man to know here, not only because he is the manager, but because he understands London's Bohemian life so well. He was eleven years at the Café Royal, has been here three, and can tell you just how people, customs, cooking have changed.

Next week, Giovanni, the pickpocket, heads the gala cabaret bill, with a couple more turns to follow. They include two new French dancers called Lucienne and Ashour, who are attractive performers. Lou Preager's band plays excellently, as usual.

The Mayfair Wine Lodge

LASTLY, in that odd little corner of Mayfair called Shepherd Market, there's a small and quite unique establishment which every Jubilee visitor should take the trouble to discover. Go in about six o'clock; it will be a little smoky, very conversational, almost, but not quite, too full of people. Everyone is drinking sherry; they came here just for that, since there are about eighteen different tones to choose from, all specially selected and shipped by the proprietor, Free Vintner M. J. Emberson.



The Mayfair Wine Lodge

The exterior of the Wine Lodge, between Curzon Street and Market Street, and its proprietor, Mr. M. J. Emberson

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(*Continued from previous column*)

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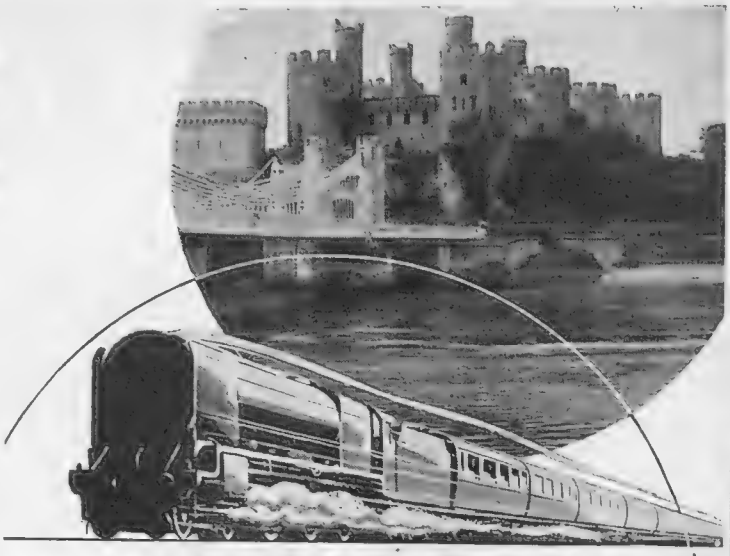

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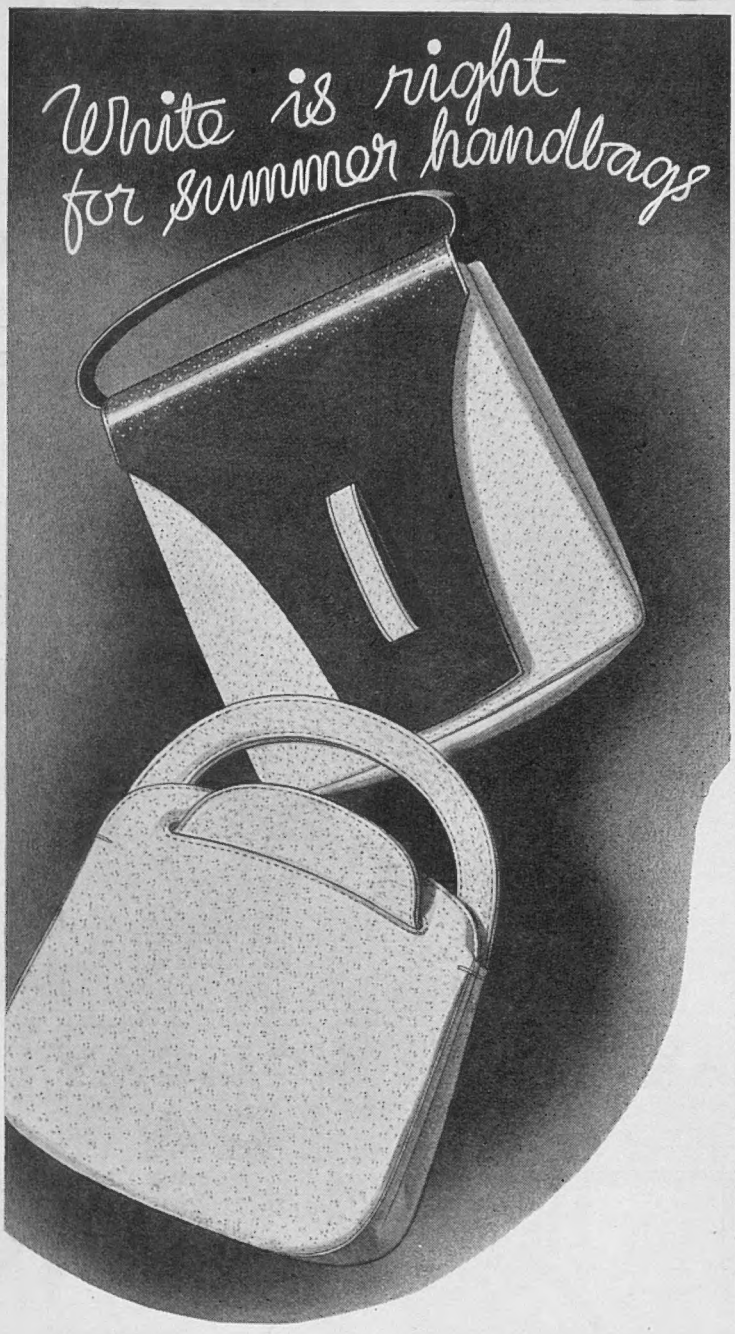

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GERMANY.

Berlin. — Hotel Alhambra. — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

Baden-Baden.— Hotel Atlantic.— Lichtentaler Allée. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM. 9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.— First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.— Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pen. fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes). Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM. 9.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.— 150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M.9 up.

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Baden-Baden.–Hotel Quellenhof.–Nr. Ther. bths. Evry. com. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

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Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

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